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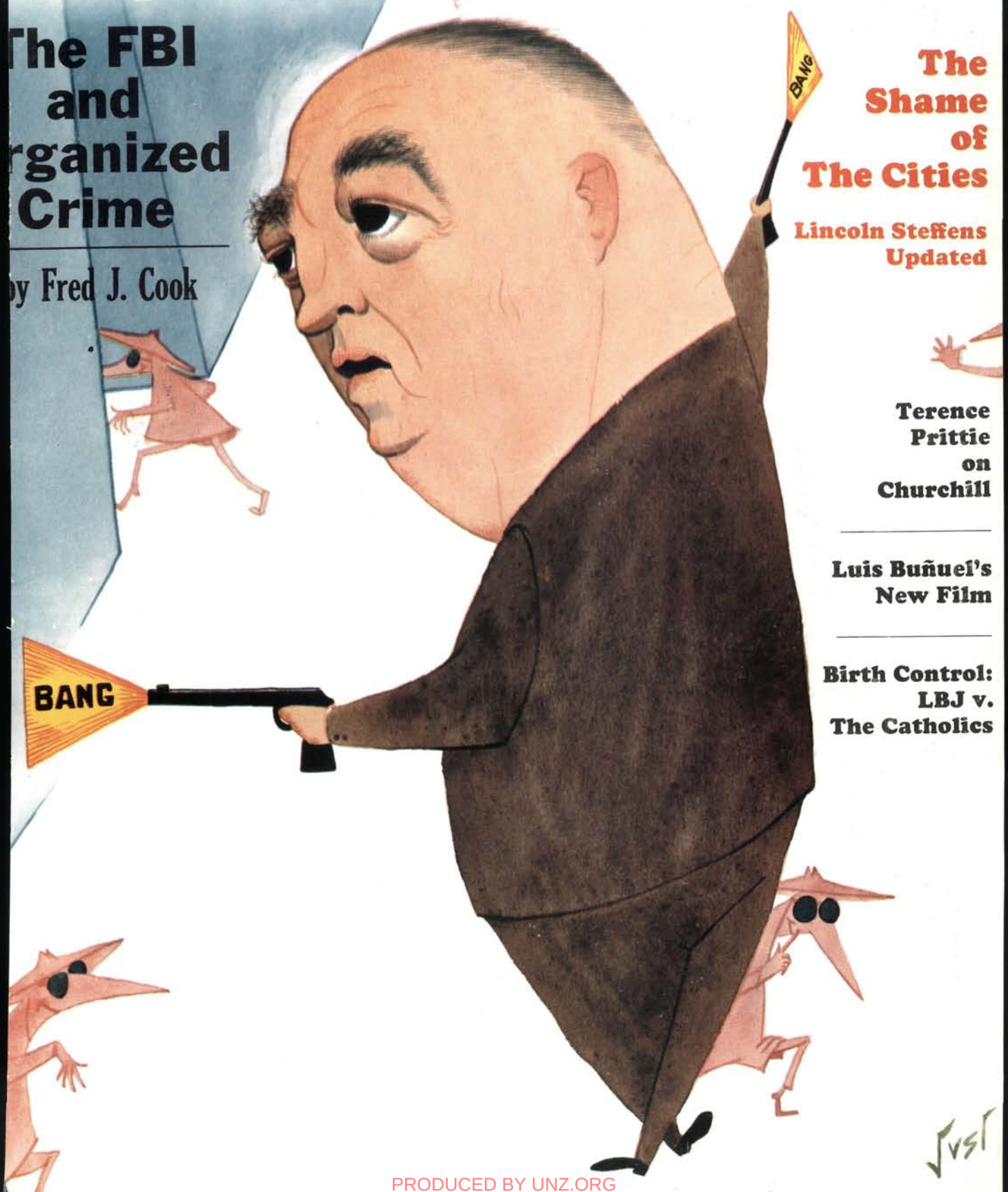

The FBI and Organized Crime

by Fred J. Cook

The Shame of The Cities

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Birth Control: LBJ v. The Catholics

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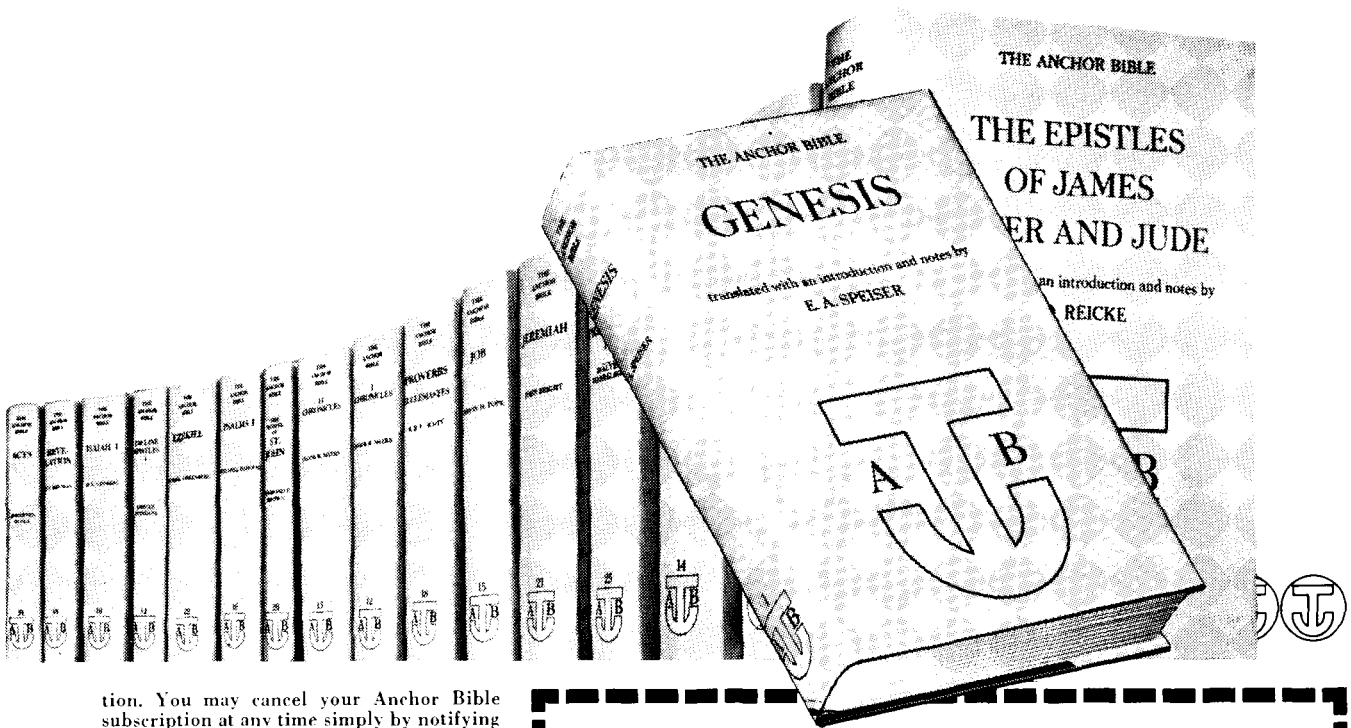

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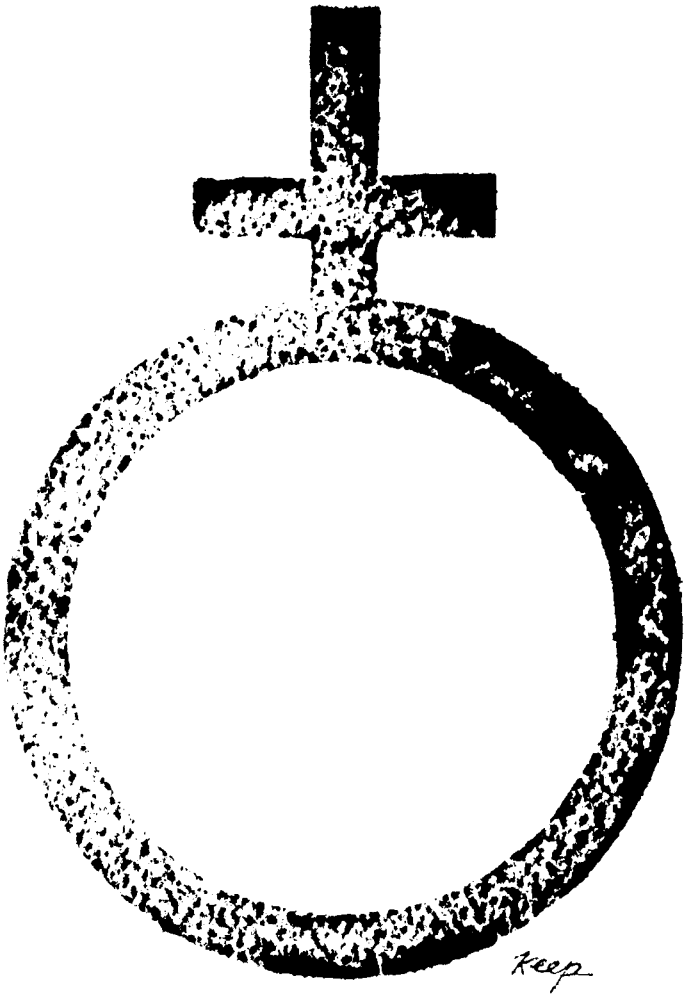
EDITORIAL:
LBJ and The Politics of Theology



Of all the contradictory consequences of the missile age, perhaps the most unseemly is that of the President of the United States being intimidated and handicapped in the planning of national policy by the medieval views of the Roman Catholic Church on the reproduction of the human species.

Yet this is precisely the prospect faced by Lyndon Baines Johnson if he attempts to move in any meaningful way towards solutions of the hare-paced escalation of population in underfed and underdeveloped countries abroad and the problems of deep-set pockets of poverty at home.

If any of these solutions involve the limitation of births by any other means than the unreliable thermometer, calendar and "hands off" system sanctioned by the Church of Rome he can expect peals of outrage from otherwise usually fair-minded members of the American Catholic hierarchy.

This sort of reaction is almost visceral. The Church has stated its opposition to government aid to "artificial birth control" so many times—on the local, state and national levels—that it is a fair assumption that researchers in the Health, Education and Welfare and State Departments don't dare openly consider sterilization or contraception as possibly scientifically valid instruments of population control, lest some Irish Catholic Congressman from the Bronx get wind of it and call up his pastor.

In 1961, when the Jesuit magazine **America** discovered that the National Institutes of Health was engaged in government-supported population control research projects, it hinted editorially that Congressional investigation might be in order!

President Johnson, a cautious man, tested his toe in these troubled theological/political waters with an unobtrusive sentence in his State of the Union message.

He suggested the government seek "new ways" of using scientific knowledge to aid the balance of nature and the problems of overpopulation. He may have said this in the hope that the Vatican Council had relaxed the intrasigence of the American clergy on the birth control issue. He was wrong.

Msgr. John C. Knott, director of the Family Life Bureau of the powerful Na-

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tional Catholic Welfare Conference, answered the President in traditional style. The Church's "condemnation" of artificial contraception as a "serious moral evil" remains unchanged, Msgr. Knott said. "Catholics will not support any public assistance, either at home or abroad, to promote artificial birth prevention, abortion or sterilization whether through direct aid or by means of international organizations." Msgr. Knott thereby gave fair warning to both the President and the United Nations in the same press release.

No reply was heard, immediately, from President Johnson on this subject. We presume he pulled his toe out of the water because he found it too hot.

. . . like asking Mary Baker Eddy her opinion of Medicare . . .

This, of course, illustrates one of the built-in problems of Johnson's concept of government by "consensus." To include Catholic clerics of Msgr. Knott's persuasion in any rational national "consensus" on population control is like asking Mary Baker Eddy her opinion of Medicare.

Some Catholic publications criticized the Family Life Bureau head for being "totally unaware" of the drastic rethinking of birth control in Catholic circles. Msgr. Knott, incidentally, also stated that he just didn't believe the demographers who said that the world was going to get **that** much bigger in the next ten years.

These publications have adopted a "wait-and-see" attitude toward what the Church would finally decide on birth control. The real question is, however, must the United States government abdicate its responsibilities to **research** population control while waiting for the Catholic Church to resolve what's become an intramural theological squabble?

We think not.

We also think that the time has come for plain talking: it is hard to see how the Catholic clerics who continue to parrot anti-contraception syllogisms to lawmakers can remain intellectually—or theologically—honest, and that is according to the best contemporary thinkers of their own church.

In all historical fairness, it should be noted that the Catholics didn't raise the birth control issue in the United States. The Protestants did. Before Catholics were even allowed the vote, Protestant legislators were busy banning contraceptives in Connecticut and other New England states. Later, Anthony Comstock took to the road to preach against the immorality of calculated family limitation.

But the Protestants, as Episcopal Bishop James Pike has pointed out, had the fortitude (at the Lambeth Conference) to admit they were wrong. The Catholics were left holding the birth control front, and the major spokesmen for the Church in America have, to this day, refused to abandon it. This is their prerogative; but it is not the prerogative of the Catholic Church in this pluralistic society to force its minority theological views on a non-assenting majority.

. . . cast open and public doubt . . .

The Catholic "position"—if Msgr. Knott must be considered as representing it—becomes somewhat ludicrous in light of the fact that numerous highly respected Catholic theologians—together with a thundering majority of laymen—have in the past fifteen months cast open and public doubt on the rationality and the efficacy of the traditional Church position against birth control.

The canon-boom of Catholics attacking their own doctrine is almost deafening. The **National Catholic Reporter,** a weekly newspaper, interviewed a Jesuit sociologist who said that so many theologians have questioned the birth control stance that priests honestly don't know what to tell people in confession. Archbishop Thomas D. Roberts of England stated, most bluntly, that the Church's rationale just makes no sense whatsoever to him. Patriarch Maximos IV Saigh said at the Vatican Council that a majority of Catholic couples ignore the ban on artificial contraceptives, and Cardinal Suenens warned that the hard line on birth control could end in "another Galileo case."

Fr. Gregory Baum, a wise and widely respected Catholic theologian, has said, in as many words, that a Catholic conscientiously following his conscience can practice contraception and remain a good Catholic. Pitted against the careful reasoning of Fr. Baum, we have the attempt of Msgr. Knott to tell the Federal Government that Catholics oppose contraception because it is a "serious moral evil." Clearly, there is no longer a "consensus" of Catholic opinion on this subject.

. . . no longer a "consensus" . . .

Just about every Catholic publication of any respectability has joined in this anvil chorus of doubt. One of the most cogent observations on the wrongheadedness of the "official" position of Msgr. Knott is in the Catholic-written recent book, **Objections to Roman Catholicism.** It is by Magdalen Goffin the mother of a prominent Catnolic philosopher. It deserves quoting:

"In the same sense that the Jews made gods of the bellies by inventing an elaborate food code, so Roman theologians have made gods of human reproductive

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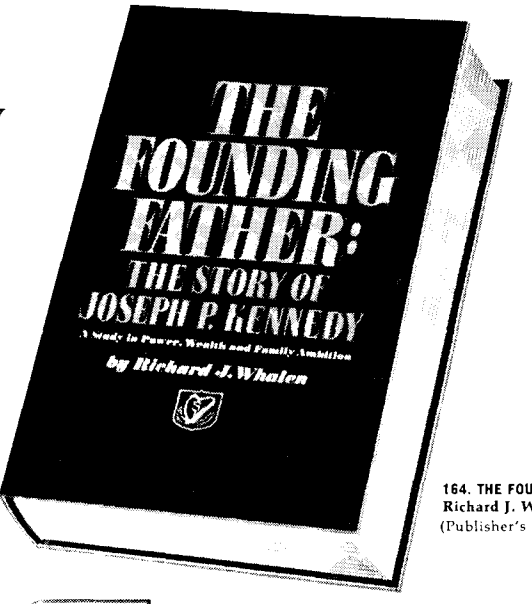

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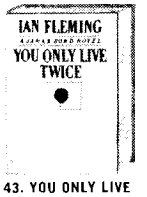

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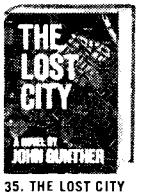

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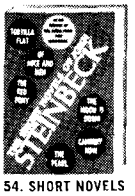

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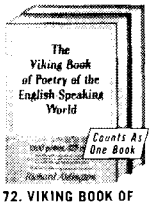

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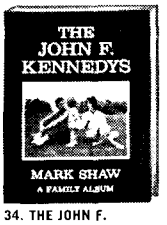

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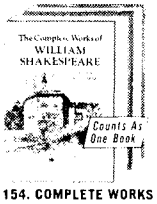

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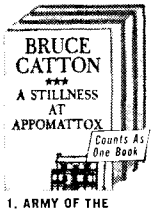

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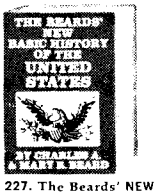

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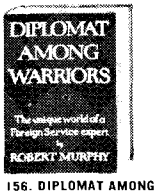

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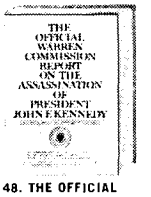

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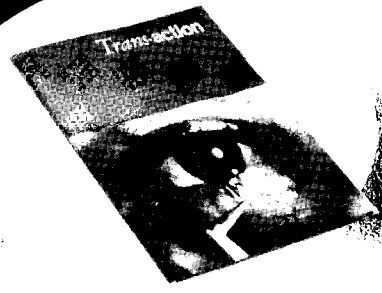

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. . . If ntraceptives had been ropped over Japan . . .

organs. This well known obsession would be tedious to discuss. But it can be put into perspective by pointing out that if contraceptives had been dropped over Japan instead of bombs which merely killed, maimed and shrivelled up thousands alive, there would have been a squeal of outraged protest from the Vatican to the remotest Mass centre in Alaska."

The obsession with "sexual sins" of the Irish-Catholic-Jansenist elements which long dominated American Catholicism with a theology of love where almost every sentence begins "Thou Shalt Not" —is a matter of historical and sociological record. But it should not be a matter of Congressional record.

If Msgr. Knott wishes to continue to defend the crumbling, antiquated position which has fallen into disrepute in the higher theological councils of his Church, let him. But let President Johnson get about the business of the country instead of playing politics with an outmoded theology.

LONDON:

The First Burst of Churchilliana

by Terence Prittie

London.

It was inevitable that the adulation of Sir Winston Churchill would be overdone. This, certainly, was the view of that prickly but prescient Conservative critic and editor of **The Spectator,** Mr. Iain Macleod.

There was something shaming about some of the flowery tributes paid to Churchill from improbable sources; something unseemly, too, in the alacrity with which a political opponent, Mr. Herbert Morrison, publicly withdrew his allegation (which was untrue anyway) that Churchill broke his parole in order to escape from a Boer prisoner-of-war camp more than 65 years ago.

Terence Prittie

Churchill's chief attraction, for the average Englishman, lay in his human unpredictability as much as in his moments and moods of greatness. In his occasional outbursts of spleen or bombast he was fascinatingly fallible. He could be very offhand, very rude, even very mad when he felt like it. His countrymen found this more endearing than the fact that he was often very Statesmanlike, very Brave, very Great. It was his lapses that made him—very English.

At school Churchill was sometimes very naughty. The dominees who tried to teach him Latin were startled by his unassumed insolence. His school-fellows found him almost totally uncooperative, little disposed to join in their games or pranks and often selected as the butt for the latter.

At Harrow he was remembered chiefly for jumping from the flat roof of one building to that of another—a mere twelve feet but with a forty foot drop in between. It was done for a bet, and the English love betting men.

. . Churchill may have burned down the school gymnasium . . .

Churchill may, too—but this was never proven—have burned down the school gymnasium. He was alleged to have stated that he would do it. The gymnasium duly burned. Churchill, one cannot help reflecting, was always a man of his word.

Whole volumes will duly be filled with Churchilliana, and rightly so. Drama stalked on his heels and wherever he went something was likely to happen. I have a keen personal memory of his appearance at an Oxford University Union debate in 1935. The subject of the debate was: "Were the German People responsible for World War I?" Churchill spoke trenchantly, bitingly. The war-guilt of the Germans was fixed immovably in his mind.

His chief debating opponent was a German who had been awarded one of the scholarships bequeathed by Britain's greatest pioneer in South Africa, Cecil Rhodes. He made out his case for exonerating the German people, while castigating the Kaiser. Emotionally he appealed to Churchill—would the Right Honourable Gentleman agree that the faults of their government should not be visited on the heads of the Germans?

The Churchill jaw jutted: "No, sir, I will not agree with anything of the sort." The German student marched ostentatiously from the debating chamber. He became a naturalised British citizen a year or two later. It was one of Churchill's victories.

But so unpredictable a figure as Churchill was bound to meet with reverses. They occurred in the most unexpected places; for instance, Pratt's Club, in Park Place.

Pratt's is unique of its kind in London. Unlike White's, Brooks' and the rest, it is strictly a dining-club, opening at six in the evening and serving up to midnight its limited but best-English fare—massive mixed grills, delicately charred

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steaks and chops, Dover soles and fillets with Sauce Tartare, Stilton cheeses baptised with the benison of a glassful of port.

. . . the big dining table at Pratt's . . .

Pratt's anteroom is a place where people do not huddle standoffishly in corners but gather naturally in a family semicircle round the hearth. The big dining-table is there for all who enjoy the pleasures of company and arts of conversation. Neighbours at table introduce themselves with an un-English lack of reserve. If a member wants to be alone with a guest he can take him to a side-table. But more often than not he joins the main company with him.

Two places at the main table often remain empty for much of the evening. The seat at its "head"—nearest to the door of the anteroom—may be left because some distinguished gentleman is coming from the House of Commons, may want to plump down into it and regale the company. The seat at the "bottom," on the other hand, will be left for any singleton who is eating in a hurry or merely wants to be alone with his food and his thoughts.

It was sometimes Churchill who in prewar days took the seat at the "head," coming straight from the Commons armed with combative zest and an excellent appetite. He has said of himself, at mealtimes, "I am either sunk in sullen silence or else I am shouting the table down." Silence, at least, rarely afflicted him at Pratt's, where he was usually in dominating conversational form.

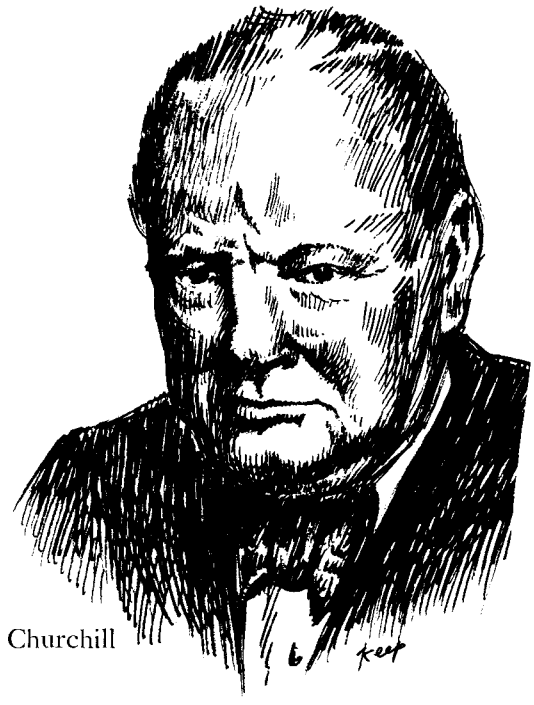
. . . two of the rare occasions in Churchill's life when he found himself at a loss . . .

Yet Pratt's provided two of the rare occasions in Churchill's life when he found himself at a loss. The first of these was some years before World War II. He was at the head of the table. At the other end was a venerable, bent and lonely figure, believed to have been a member of the Hamilton family, concentrating on his chop and newspaper.

Churchill was in tremendous voice, and all other conversation in the room lapsed while he fulminated on the evils of the Chamberlain Government—with a handful of followers he was in "independent-Conservative" opposition at the time. He gave a dozen reasons why "Neville" was "no good."

"What's more," he said, "he's not even a financier. Now even Neville's worst enemies suggest that he knows something about money matters. All wrong! Why, his 1936 budget was the worst in the country's history!"

The old gentleman opposite straightened with an audible snap and spoke for the first time in the evening.



Churchill

"No, sir!" he said. "You're wrong there. Chamberlain's 1936 budget may have been pretty bad. But it was nothing like your own budget, sir, of 1925. That was the worst in the history of **any** country! It was indescribable, a sheer disaster!"

He rose from the table; stalked the length of it, oblivious of Churchill's furious face; went on into the anteroom. There was no comeback; Churchill sat dumbfounded.

During this short prewar period of political frustration for Churchill, Pratt's provided him with a second, more bucolic passage of arms. Once again he was ensconced in his favourite chair. Once again he was in full cry, cursing the Chamberlain administration. Not a voice was raised in its defense. The morning-glory of the Munich Agreement with the dictators had already faded; war was imminent.

. . . a spruce young officer . . .

This time a spruce young officer of the Guards sat at the bottom of the table. The Guards mount their nightly watches on Buckingham Palace and other royal mansions from St. James', only a few hundred yards from Pratt's. The club always has a few Guards' officers on its membership list. They furnish famous family-names, a surprising range of interests, sometimes accompanied by good conversation and usually by impeccable manners. Usually, but not always.

This particular Guards' officer finished off his mixed grill and his iced lager in silence. He rose to leave while Churchill was in full spate, paused by his chair

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with such obvious intent that he broke off in mid-sentence.

"I do beg your pardon, sir," said the young Guards' officer, massaging his moustaches. "I am afraid I couldn't follow a word you were saying, but I've never heard such unutterable balls in my life." He stepped on, out of the dining-room. Once again Churchill was left speechless with surprise.

Great men are only truly great when they suffer defeats but survive them. This was something that Napoleon never achieved. The next time Churchill came to Pratt's he was able to explain what the civilised world would have to do about Hitler. No wonder the British people liked him.

OPINION:

The Triple Revolution

by W. H. Ferry

The following are excerpts from a speech given by W. H. Ferry at a Unitarian Church in Santa Barbara. Mr. Ferry is a director of The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara.

War has always turned men into moral eunuchs. The danger is that the new technology will do the same.

Amid the pleasures and wonderments of the novel developments being presented to us daily, the moral issues are beginning to emerge slowly and vaguely. Doubtless these issues have always been there. So far we have managed not to think much about them.

We have all along considered technology and progress to be equivalent, both equally good. We find it easier to dwell on the marvelous techniques than on their consequences. Thus we evade thought about the moral implications of the nuclear sorcery that our country has brought to such an insane crescendo of achievement.

W. H. Ferry

Killing a hundred million or more people and extinguishing a civilization is a profoundly immoral notion, to put it mildly. The threat to take such action, if we deem it in our own interest, derives from ethical emptiness. Both the possible act and the threat are the result of technological accomplishment.

To come closer to home, let us try to draw the outline of some of the shadowy moral implications of the new technology by considering The Triple Revolution, a memorandum presented to President Johnson and Congress by an Ad Hoc Committee. The three concurrent developments referred to are the weaponry revolution, the human rights revolution and the cybernation revolution.

. . . need for a moral equivalent of war . . .

William James once wrote of war and weaponry:

"So long as anti-militarists propose no substitute for war's disciplinary function, so long as they propose no moral equivalent of war . . . so long will they fail."

This was in 1904. The need for a moral equivalent of war is far greater now than it was in 1904. James, in trying to give the military something better to do than sit around hoping for a war (". . . especially for non-combatants, the supremely thrilling excitement . . ."), saw Nature as the adversary to whom attention should be diverted, and he suggested that young men ought to drop their muskets for jobs in the forest.

The Triple Revolution sees the adversary today as poverty and illness and ignorance, and other preventable offenses against a civilized society. The new technology also forces on us the need for a moral equivalent of work.

Let me suggest service as providing the framework. Service cannot consist only in repairing shoes or television sets; it must extend to the far reaches of our society. It must become a vocation for looking after the untold millions who need attention they are not getting—the old, the crippled, the neglected young and the derelict.

. . . as for human rights . . .

The extent to which service becomes a true moral equivalent to work appears to depend very largely on the extent of the participation of government in defining and opening up the idea of service, and in paying for it.

As for human rights, one American promise is equal treatment for all under law. The hypocrisy practiced by white men on black, North and South, from Harlem to Proposition 14, illustrates how good that particular promise is.

The militancy of young people, especially of young Negroes, may be seen as one yardstick of their disillusionment. Why shouldn't they be sore? Far better than their elders, they realize the present organization of society is worn out, and not to be fixed with the safety pins of poverty wars and tax cuts and promises of integration in the misty future.

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. . . the young victims of this mighty deception . . .

To the young victims of this mighty deception we are saying, be patient, take it easy; even if we can't provide jobs there is always the welfare office. We are saying, look at the way the Gross National Product is rising, don't criticize the system, don't disturb our peace of mind with demonstrations, comfort yourself with visions of the Great Society.

Peddling gold bricks to a passerby makes a laughable newspaper story. Peddling gold bricks to a whole generation threatens to ruin the moral credit of the nation.

Most of the committee's memorandum was devoted to cybernation. This real revolution means the linking of automated machines, which replace muscle, with computers, which replace mind. This has broken the link between jobs and income, exiling from the economy an ever-widening pool of men and women. This becomes the primary challenge to political thought, which now regards full employment as the chief object of public policy.

But cybernation means the end of full employment by doing away with jobs at every level of the employment pyramid. It means the opening of the era of abundance—and calls for fundamental reforms of economic theory.

Neither statesmen nor scholars have assessed the new technology at anything near their full weight; consequently, we are approaching a great crisis all unbuttoned and defenseless.

The committee advocated that a guaranteed annual income be paid to the head of every household and every single wage-earner, as a matter of right. This radical departure from contemporary practice is proposed, not as the sole requirement of the era of abundance, but as an indispensable one.

. . . the cybernation revolution . . .

The cybernation revolution includes advocacy of Federal planning, regulation of technological developments and bolstering of democratic theory.

Outcries against the memorandum were immediate and widespread. Editorial writers and economists, who are traditionally more frightened by new ideas than almost anyone else, led the clamor against the Triple Revolution. I believe they are wrong and are trying to turn back the heavy tides of technology with appeals to history and obsolete economic theory.

The Triple Revolution seems to me essentially a moral proclamation, opening a wide field of moral or ethical connotations.

One of the few points on which the committee and its critics agreed is that most of the jobs in the future will be in service—which means taking care of one another—as opposed to production, which means taking care of a machine. Here, then is the possibility that the idea of caring for one's fellow man as an end in itself may become habitual. It might even lead away from the present American creed of every man for himself into what my associate, Robert Hutchins, calls "a deep sense of our own unimportance and a deep conviction of the importance of others."

A second moral connotation arises from the great gains in leisure foreseen by the memorandum. In a workless or semi-workless society, men will have to confront themselves in a new way, and ask the old questions about where they came from and whither they are bound. This will be an agonizing experience.

The Triple Revolution asserted the advent of cybernation ought to be welcomed, with public and private policy directed to its speedy development. Only by open and general acceptance will this consummate human achievement be turned to human ends, for such acceptance will also compel political consideration of its potential human costs and the adoption of policies to transform these costs into human benefits.

. . . the encompassing maw of the production machine . . .

Until this moment, the common destiny was that of **homo economicus,** economic man consigned to some role in the encompassing maw of the production machine. Cybernation opens the prospect of a brighter day, changing the challenge from "Where can I get the best job?" to "What can I best do with myself as a man?"

We must have no false optimism. The day of deliverance is not yet at hand. There is almost nothing in the record so far to indicate that we are socially or politically prepared for the technological community. **Homo economicus** has been the style of Western man so long that changing it to **homo humanus** will be one of his severest tests ever.

The first halting step must be the realization that cybernation can be a true agency of liberation, not the subtle dehumanizing agency feared by many. The real issue is whether we can bring our technical achievements under political control, in the interests of compassion and rationality, and put them to the service of man, rather than the other way around. This has never been achieved, nor ever tried.

It now has become the nation's most

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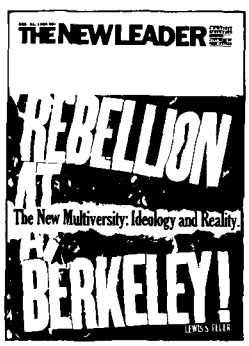

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It doesn't pay its contributors for their articles. (Yet it often has the gall to argue with them publicly in its editorial columns.) It also regularly infuriates its readers and financial supporters.

Recently it upset so many of them by running Irving Kristol's hard-headed and, some thought, hard-hearted analysis of poverty in the U.S.A., that it had to devote the better part of two subsequent issues to rebuttals.

Soon afterward, it outraged some of its most influential subscribers—including members of Congress, and almost everybody at the State Department—by publishing a biting series of articles by Theodore Draper on U.S.-Cuban relations. (Among other things, these articles revealed a well-kept secret: that the State Department had made an undercover attempt at *rapprochement* with Castro way back in 1960—including an offer of aid.)

But don't think it's just The New Leader's political articles that bite into its readers. More than one devoted subscriber has yelped at an Albert Bermel drama review, a John Simon movie review, a Hilton Kramer art column, a David Boroff piece on the TV scene, or Dika Newlin on music. And some readers of gadfly literary critic Stanley Edgar Hyman do more than just yelp. A long-time subscriber, Mrs. M. of Wichita, Kansas, finally gave up and cancelled after reading Hyman's provocative column "In Defense of Pornography."

Why then, one wonders, does this ungrateful little magazine continue to have any writers, readers, or financial supporters. The first part of this question is the easiest to answer.

Men like (and as unalike as) Daniel Bell, Eric Bentley, Juan Bosch, Milovan Djilas, Ralph Ellison, Louis Fischer, Michael Harrington, Sidney Hook, Hubert H. Humphrey, George F. Kennan, Martin Luther King Jr., Marvin Kitman, Robert Lekachman, George Lichtheim, S. L. A. Marshall, Karl E. Meyer, Hans J. Morgenthau, Howard Nemerov, Reinhold Niebuhr, A. H. Raskin, John P. Roche, Bertrand Russell, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Jacques Soustelle, and Ronald Steel continue to contribute articles without pay to The New Leader for just three reasons: It will let them say what they want to say, the way they want to say it, to the people they want to say it to.

Which brings us to the part about the people who read The New Leader.

There aren't very many of them. The New Leader's total circulation is equal to only 0.022% of the adult population of the United States.

But it is a pretty special 0.022%.

Senator Paul Douglas reads The New Leader. And Willy Brandt reads The New Leader. And T. S. Eliot, John Dos Passos, Chet Huntley, Marvin Kalb, Dwight Macdonald, Richard C. Hottelet, Norman Cousins, William F. Buckley Jr., Leo Cherne and Max Lerner read The New Leader.

And the editors of The New York Times, Time Magazine, Fortune, Life, The Washington Post, The New York Post, and the St. Louis Post Dispatch (all of which have sometimes quoted from, praised, criticized, or publicly argued with The New Leader) read The New Leader. And the members of the Overseas Press Club (which has awarded its Citation for the "best magazine reporting of foreign affairs" to The New Leader) read The New Leader. And that's almost 0.022% of the adult population of the United States right there.

Presumably all these people continue to read The New Leader—even though it frequently infuriates them—because it airs facts, ideas, insights, and viewpoints long before they get aired anywhere else. As Murray Kempton put it, "The New Leader has always been about two years ahead of The New York Times in telling you what is going on in the world."

We think there are probably about 5,000 more people who would find this an adequate reason to subscribe. 5,000 more people who would enjoy and be stimulated by this toothy, audacious, ungrateful little magazine which they will find prophetic, candid, irritating, revealing, and—sometimes—even wrong.

Our coupon gives you a chance to find out whether or not you are one of them. It will bring you a year's subscription, 26 issues, for $4.50. (Less than half the newsstand price.) If, after four issues, you feel you've been bitten too much and you'd like to tear up your subscription and send us the pieces, go ahead. We'll refund the balance. Or write us a furious letter, if you feel that that would be revenge enough. We'll probably publish it.

The New Leader *does* give its readers plenty of chances to bite back.

The New Leader

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Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff. Photo by Philippe Halsman
Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling.

"We're looking for people who want to write"

If you show aptitude worth developing—12 famous authors stand ready to train you for professional writing success

By Gordon Carroll

If you want to write, my colleagues and I would like to test your writing aptitude. We'll help you find out whether you can be trained to become a successful writer.

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Gordon Carroll, Director of the Famous Writers School, of Westport, Connecticut, is former editor of *Reader's Digest, Time, Inc.* and *Coronet*.

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important intellectual and political task, surpassing in urgency any of the other issues on which we are expending our treasure and our thought.

The widespread perturbation evoked by the memorandum is understandable. However, with the evidence now in for the record, I must join in thought with James Russell Lowell, when he wrote in 1843:

"New occasions teach new duties
Time makes ancient good uncouth
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth."

LETTERS:

The Psychology of Berkeley

Sirs:

Your coverage of the Free Speech Movement at the University of California, and your pointed comments, have pointed up the basic importance of the movement. The questions involved in the struggle have been discussed at different levels and with varying degrees of heat versus light. As a psychiatrist, I would like to comment on some of the proposed answers, and offer some of my own.

. substitution f fantasies . . .

The first group of commentaries on the conflict might be termed delusional—the wishing away of a real problem, and the substitution of fantasies congenial to the commentator. Thus, a student protest can become not a student protest, by denying either that there were students (they were Communists or "outside agitators"), or that there was a protest albeit minimal as in the case of the "unsuccessful student strike."

A somewhat more subtle line involves admitting that the students were students, but then undoing this admission by stereotyping them as atypical, or as dupes.

A similar effort is put forth by those offering "psychological" explanations, of how students are rebelling against their parents, or that this is another rather tiresome example of the conflict of generations; this makes the students "dupes" of their own "inevitable," "uncontrolled," or selected (by the theory-spinner) "inner" motives. Both dupe theories spare the commentator the trouble of answering real people with real issues.

The other group of commentators recognizes the existence of students with grievances, but has curiously sidestepped the issue of moral protest. These commentators blame individuals—Kerr, Strong or Knowland—and thus minimize both the issues and the accountability of everyone involved; or they blame the bigness of the system, the administration, the military-industrial complex.

While there is some truth in all of these notions, they tend also to minimize the problem of individual moral responsibility under any system. Some (the American Civil Liberties Union) have understood the civil liberties issues involved; but they have not stressed the idea that civil liberties issues are basically moral issues involving human dignity.

When any system infringes on this dignity, and does not have a just method for handling grievances against the infringements, the rules of that system may well be broken in a protest. The failure to mount such a protest because of fears or embarrassment about rule-breaking can be an abdication of individual moral responsibility.

The faculty protested "within the rules" about the loyalty oath: they would have perhaps been both more moral and more effective to have called an "illegal strike."

It is intriguing to speculate on why the moral issue is so frequently ignored or derided. Perhaps it seems too simple or embarrassing to talk about human dignity. Perhaps it also sounds futile or naive to mention moral protest. After all, "you can't fight city hall," or can you?

Perhaps it is too disturbing to recognize that there are people who can say: "I have not given over my whole conscience to any system—I reserve the right to protest (and if necessary to break the rules of the system in that protest), when the system trespasses upon basic rights." This not only frightens staunch supporters of the system, it shames those who were aware of the injustices but were silent or ineffectual.

. . . the bitterest attacks on the FSM have come from the unsuccessful ex-radicals of the '30s . . .

Some of the bitterest attacks on the FSM have come from the unsuccessful ex-radicals of the '30s. For if people are to admit that the students of the civil rights movement and the FSM have been making a just protest in a courageous and effective manner, they will then have to admit their own moral compromises, evasions and failures. This is painful for anyone, but particularly for older people, who would then have to admit that in a moral sense they have been "wrong" most of their lives; and that in this sense their lives have been wasted.

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Furthermore, if one becomes aware of moral issues, he can be confronted daily with painful decisions between principle and expediency—and compromises are so much easier if either there are no such issues, or if they are "hopeless," or too "complex" to act upon.

I don't think the denial of the moral issue would be so great if the FSM had not been so successful. Then the students could have been soberly lectured, and the lecturer's conscience could have been salved. But the combination of being both moral and successful is an unforgivable one; it not only creates acute problems of conscience, but of envy as well: "We had to submit, why didn't you?"; and nagging thoughts of "Maybe I really didn't have to be so conforming and fearful—maybe I could have been more free and more an individual."

The combination of fear, rage, and envy elicited by the FSM is illustrated by the remark of someone who threw an egg at the police car sit-in. After relieving himself of his feelings and eggs, he cried: "We want a car, too."

. . . feelings of futility and alienation . . .

Not only is there envy of the individual freedom and courage, but of the vitality and sense of community evident in the FSM. In a society where people retreat to their private lives because of feelings of futility and alienation about public life, a vital sense of participation is lost.

People feel "alone," but are awkward and uncomfortable in public groups. The loneliness is not really made up for by big-game rallies or panty raids. Yet during the past months, students have not only been talking to each other, but to the faculty; rumors are that even various departments of the faculty have spoken to each other.

I would suggest that individuals who have participated in acts of moral courage have come to know the boundaries of their human dignity, and thus of their identity; and that only such unafraid individuals can feel free in being with others. They can both give and take, inspire and be inspired, without the inhibiting self-consciousness of those with fearful and uncertain identities.

I would further suggest that such groups of "free" people are the only meaningful groups; and that in the acts of becoming free enough to belong to such groups, and by actively participating in them, the individual finds his most meaningful life.

I believe the FSM is such a group, and that in being so it has profoundly disturbed the consciences and aroused the envy of people of all ages. The charges of immaturity levelled at the students conceal, ironically, the opposite recognition: that while the rest of society, in fear and/or apathy, resign themselves to their private cubbyholes and the fruitless pursuit of meaning through consumption or thrills, the FSM—through the assertion of individual dignity and group vitality—has found meaning and become truly mature.

. . . an astonishing reversal of the generations . . .

This has resulted in an astonishing reversal of the generations—moral leadership has been assumed by the young. This is not only distressing to older people, but awesome and embarrassing to the students. It has perhaps led them to playing down the moral issue at times, and presenting themselves as "tougher" and more cynical than they are.

Their discomfort at being in the unusual role of mentors has led them at times to ask the faculty to reassume the mantle of benevolent authority, and ease the fear of being too presumptuous. However, the history of the faculty from the oath fight down to the present indicates that they only depart from their private worlds in order to take public action when extreme pressure occurs and with great difficulty.

Unfortunately, they too are subject to feelings of guilt and envy when confronted with the students on moral issues. So perhaps at this point only the students have the idealism, passion, and commitment best suited to press for necessary changes. If this leads to further conflict (including one with the faculty), it need not be accompanied by handwringing or fears of "destroying the university."

If the university survived the moral tragedy of the oath crises, it can surely "survive" the moral courage of the FSM. "Survive" is a miserly word to use here; the university can be invigorated by a moral struggle. The present conflict has already wrung admissions, including one from Max Rafferty (State Superintendent of Schools), that educational reform is long overdue. Any further superficial disruptions of order are a small price to pay for gains in the human dignity of the university community and the people who comprise it.

Neal Blumenfeld, M.D.
Berkeley, California

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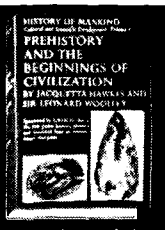

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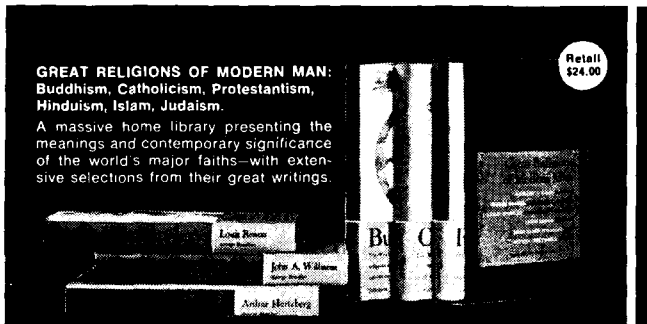

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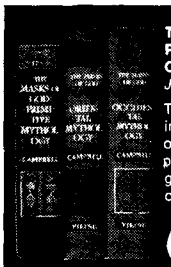

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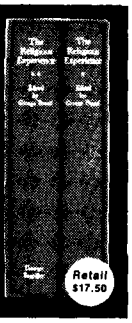

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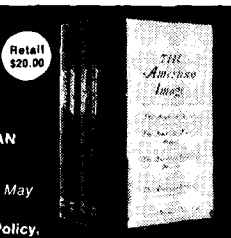

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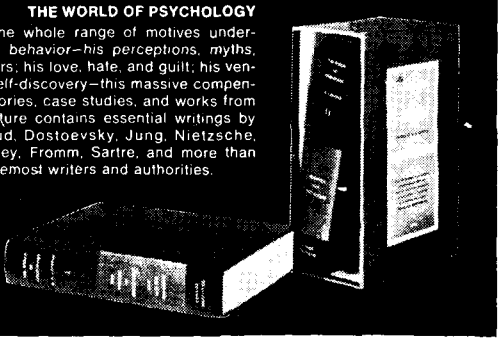

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THE FBI & ORGANIZED CRIME

by Fred J. Cook

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THE RESULTS would have been no different if the Keystone Kops had been helping on the case.

A team of Federal prosecutors and hard-bitten New York City detectives had carefully set their legal traps to snare a large underworld syndicate based in Harlem. The syndicate, an important cog in the national narcotics traffic, was engaged in other enterprises that would make it a prize catch, worth all the dreary hours of gathering evidence to justify arrests.

The painstaking police work was about to pay off – then a Federal Bureau of Investigation agent arrived on the scene.

Clean-cut and confident, the FBI man casually took his stance by a lamp post directly across from the syndicate headquarters. There he leaned industriously, as if his mission in life was to support that lamp post.

The syndicate's business immediately ground to a halt. No arrests were made.

"He was completely obvious, of course, to everyone in the neighborhood because FBI agents all *look* like FBI agents," the head of the frustrated Federal team moaned later. "This kind of thing used to happen all the time. We would get calls from police in the middle of an investigation that an FBI agent was in the neighborhood trying to survey premises we were watching – and making himself completely obvious to everybody.

"When it comes to scientific detection, the FBI is terrific. Take car thefts, bank robberies, crimes in which fingerprints or ballistics evidence or other scientific details are important – and the FBI is in its element. But not in surveillance. There they are a complete flop."

The incident of the FBI agent and the Harlem lamp post helps to illuminate what is perhaps the most glaring sin of omission in the long and colorful scroll of America's sacrosanct police agency and its infallible director, J. Edgar Hoover. Through long and assiduous propaganda, the vast majority of Americans have been taught to revere the FBI as the nemesis of evil in all its forms. Generally overlooked is one hard but inescapable fact:

The FBI's vaunted record has been built against second and third stringers – it has never successfully tackled the real overlords of crime.

What are the infamous names that decorate the FBI totem pole in its war against crime? Most date back to the 1930s. They are names like John Dillinger, "Pretty Boy" Floyd, "Machine Gun" Kelly, Alvin Karpis, "Baby Face" Nelson. All were desperadoes, certainly – but were any of them real underworld kingpins, commanding rackets worth millions of dollars, corrupting entire cities and states, running invisible governments that allotted territories and dealt in life and death? Here we draw the line between the trigger-happy wild men of gangdom and those with the real brains and the real power – men like Al Capone, Charles (Lucky) Luciano, Frank Costello, Joe Adonis, Albert (the Lord High Executioner) Anastasia, Meyer Lansky, Tony Accardo, Buggsy Siegel, Jack Dragma, Tony Bender, Vito Genovese. Look well at that random list. Except for one minor rap on the knuckles given to Capone, not a name in the lot appears on the FBI's well-publicized record.

Yet, peculiarly enough, the very years that saw these men acquire such awesome power were the same years that saw J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI grow from obscurity to holy household legends. The two developments danced hand in hand down the decades. It seemed to occur to no one, in the blind idolatry that has been lavished on the bureau and its all-powerful director, that these were most curiously incompatible partners for such a minuet.

On the one hand, there was the constant extension of gangland power, bankrolled by some $10 billion in annual gambling profits and extending into broad fields of business, into Wall Street, hotels, motels, vending machines, real estate, oil. On the other hand, there was the equally steady extension of the arm and authority of the FBI until it reached the point where today it has more than 6,000 agents and consumes more than half the annual budget of the entire Justice Department. It seems only fair to ask: Just what has the FBI been doing all these years in prosecuting the one crime war that really matters – the war against the true lords of the syndicate underworld?

The answer, well documented by the record of the decades, is that the FBI not only has done precious little itself, but it has actually thrown roadblocks in the paths of other agencies attempting to mount all-out war against syndicated crime.

The best illustration of this may be found in the events that followed the notorious Apalachin conference of Mafia dons in mid-November, 1957. The mere fact of that conference, held in the hilltop home of the late Joseph Barbara in the upper New York countryside, was itself a testament both to the reality of syndicate organization and the woeful inadequacy of Federal law enforcement. For, except for the alertness of a local state police sergeant, the Mafia leaders would have assembled at Apalachin, carved up the racket territories of the nation and then gone their separate ways – and no one on any level of law enforcement would have been the wiser.

Yet the size of the Apalachin gathering and the importance of the gang rulers who participated made it truly a national Congress of the Mafia. More than sixty racketeers were assembled. They came from the East, from the Midwest, from California, Florida, Texas, Cuba and Italy. Two were believed to be emissaries recently returned from conference with "Lucky" Luciano, the

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FRED J. COOK, *author of eleven books, including* The FBI Nobody Knows, *is a three-time New York Newspaper Guild's Page 1 Award winner.*

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expatriated ruler of the Eastern Mafia who had become the brains of the international narcotics racket. Others had figures on the underworld's investment in Cuban gambling casinos set up by the Mafia with the approval —if not the active partnership—of the dictatorial Batista regime. Among those present were Joseph (Joe Bananas) Bonanno, whose racket empire stretched from Brooklyn to Arizona and whose "kidnaping" on the eve of a Federal grand jury appearance was to be one of the mysteries of 1964, and chunky Vito Genovese, the most dreaded name in the Eastern Mafia, a man whose alleged ability to pass death sentences even in prison was later to lead to the Joe Valachi "Cosa Nostra" revelations. More than $300,000 in "talking cash" jingled in the pockets of these underworld lords whose Cadillacs and Chrysler Imperials turned Joe Barbara's driveway and yard into a parking lot.

THE LAW would have to be blind indeed to remain ignorant of such a massive rallying of the clan. Yet Apalachin would never have hit the headlines (later and equally large gatherings did not), had it not been for the alertness of Sergeant Edgar Croswell, a New York state trooper who had seen Joseph Barbara beat murder raps with an ease that convinced him Barbara was a power in the blood brotherhood of the Mafia. Croswell had made Barbara his special project. He kept a hawk-like eye on the gang lord who lived such an apparently peaceful life in the hills of Apalachin, and it was this intense interest that led him to spot the well-heeled racket chiefs and to break up their deliberations.

The shock of Apalachin reverberated across the nation. For years there had been debate: Was there a Mafia or wasn't there? The Federal Bureau of Narcotics, whose experts had personally infiltrated narcotics rings and unravelled their inner mechanisms, argued passionately that the Mafia, originally a secret terroristic Sicilian society, had been transplanted to America and had become the force binding together huge criminal cartels that operated on a national and even international basis. J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI had scoffed at this conception as being the figment of some fiction writer's fevered imagination and had refused to believe the fact of interstate, syndicated crime. Now, at Apalachin, the reality had been exposed for all to see.

The *New York Herald-Tribune*, in shocked words, proclaimed editorially that Apalachin proved the reality of "the invisible government" of crime. It called for the nation to do something. The FBI, the *Herald-Tribune* felt, should be given the job, and it theorized that the only reason the FBI hadn't tackled it previously was that it must have lacked men and money. But this really should have been no obstacle. "Congress has never yet refused anything J. Edgar Hoover said he had to have," the *Herald-Tribune* noted accurately. "Let him demand the funds to take on this job. Let Congress provide them, plus stronger laws on national crime."

Hoover, hardly a reticent man, rarely needs such prodding. On his own, over the years, he has envisioned any number of menaces—the Communist menace, the juvenile delinquency menace, the treachery of hitchhikers and even (as in his recent Martin Luther King "notorious liar" interview) the danger of "soft" courts. He has intoned the dangers of walking in New York's Central Park, of listening to civil rights agitators. Yet the keen-eyed man who perceived all these threats just wasn't seeing the big-league crime menace. Even with the *Herald-Tribune's* encouragement, he uttered no outraged cries, mounted no righteous crusade. Instead of a bellow for action, only sickly silence mantled Hoover's command post in the Justice Department.

Nevertheless, something had to be done. Both the McClellan Senate Rackets Committee and President Eisenhower's Attorney General, William Rogers, decided that Apalachin was too huge a fact of life to be ignored. McClellan held hearings, and Rogers created in the Justice Department a new organization he called the Special Group on Organized Crime. He named to head it Milton R. Wessel, a young and energetic former assistant United States attorney.

Wessel quickly discovered a hard fact that remains true to this day—that there simply does not exist, on any level of Federal law enforcement, a central clearing house for information on organized crime. Whatever information the FBI amasses, the FBI preserves for the FBI. You can quickly check the fingerprints of a common thug in the FBI's massive fingerprint file, but there exists no similar source to correlate and put together the information on the activities of multi-millionaire gang lords. So it had been reasonable for a Joe Bananas to hop a plane in Tucson, for other emissaries to take

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wing from Cuba, from Florida, from California—all headed for Apalachin—without law enforcement on any level being aware of what was happening. A local police chief might know that one of his town's most notorious citizens had left on a little trip, but no one could know that similar characters all over the nation were traveling at the same time. Wessel quickly spotted this vast crater of ignorance that existed at the very heart of the Federal law enforcement system, and he began to advocate a permanent, central bureau into which all information on organized crime from every section of the nation could be funneled.

When he became dedicated to such a sensible idea, he immediately found himself in bitter conflict with J. Edgar Hoover.

Wessel, it should be said, had gone out of his way to avoid antagonizing the all-powerful FBI director. He realized that he was heading a new and untried group of investigators. He could not expect that older and established agencies—especially in the bureaucracy of Washington where each bureau is jealous of its rights and suspicious of competitors—would automatically welcome his novitiates and instantly unveil to them all secrets. "I always felt that we had to prove ourselves first," Wessel says, "and in the end, after we had, we did get a lot of cooperation from Hoover."

Some of Wessel's subordinates, eager to get on with the business of fighting the crime syndicates, took a less detached view of the FBI's role. One of them, Gerard L. Goettel, wrote that the special crime group had to fight not only mobsters, but bureaucrats in entrenched positions in Washington. "The FBI was the coolest agency of all," he declared. "J. Edgar Hoover, at a national meeting of United States attorneys, decried the need for 'special groups' to fight organized crime."

When the Special Group began to investigate Apalachin, it found everywhere it went that the FBI had been there first, Goettel added. But the FBI, not being able to prove the exact nature of the criminal conspiracy, had quietly filed away its reports. When the Special Group asked for them, "the G-men acted as if they had never heard of Apalachin. This aloofness was due in part to their mistrust of us. It also reflected an internal dilemma: the FBI has long taken the position officially that large criminal syndicates do not exist—or if they do, they are a state and local law-enforcement problem."

Equally outspoken was Richard V. Oglivie, who headed Wessel's Midwestern office and directed the first successful prosecution (later to be reversed on appeal) of Tony Accardo, the Chicago successor to Al Capone. Oglivie said bluntly:

"Hoover was very cool to the whole idea of the Attorney General's Special Group. He ordered the FBI files, containing the very information we needed on organized crime, to be closed to us . . . Criticizing Hoover is a dangerous thing for anyone to do. But honesty compels me to say that Hoover's ideas are sadly behind the times. . . . The FBI is still organized to fight a crime pattern of the '20s and '30s. It is not set up to do battle with the criminal syndicate—the organized conspiracy that drains $22 billion a year from the United States."

This archaic system, this lack of coordination and the gap in vital knowledge that results, have produced an atmosphere conducive to more Apalachins; indeed, since the much-publicized conclave in 1957, several more such high-level meetings have been held. In each instance, the mob delegates met, caucused, allotted territories, issued murder decrees. Then, having transacted all the vital business of "the invisible government," they disbanded before law enforcement agents at any level became aware they had even met.

One of the largest of these post-Apalachin gatherings, undisturbed by the presence of a Sergeant Croswell, was held in Worcester, Mass., on December 8, 1959. Attorney General Edward J. McCormack, of Massachusetts, subsequently testified about it before the New York State Commission of Investigation. He called it a "Little Apalachin," but actually, in numbers, it was a much larger gathering than the Apalachin conference of 1957. Some 150 delegates from the Northeastern states took over 15 rented rooms in a Worcester hotel and kept the switchboard alive throughout the night with telephone traffic to other conferees in New York. When the mobsters departed the following day, none of the hotel beds had been slept in, and the hotel bill of more than $600 was casually paid. When McCormack and state investigators picked up the cold trail, they learned enough about the deliberations in Worcester to believe that gangland boundaries had been realigned

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and that two murders – one in Hartford, Connecticut, and one in Youngstown, Ohio – stemmed directly from the decisions taken in those Worcester hotel rooms.

Such evidence of a still-flourishing "invisible government" prompted almost everyone, except J. Edgar Hoover, to conclude that a permanent organization was needed to combat syndicated crime. The McClellan Committee toyed with the idea of setting up a permanent Crime Commission, a body that would gather and correlate all information on racket leaders and would hold periodic hearings, keeping a spotlight focused on the underworld menace. The idea had a lot of support in Congress. One of its most influential backers was the late Senator Estes Kefauver, whose own historic investigation had documented the reality and threat of interstate underworld organizations. A former Federal agent who worked closely with Kefauver recalls helping the Senator prepare a joint resolution that would have provided for the centralization of all criminal records possessed by the Federal government – a proposal that promptly ran into a stone wall in the Justice Department and in Congressional committees, both areas where Hoover's word was paramount. As a result, the Kefauver bill was quietly strangled in committee.

Wessel took another tack. His Special Group quickly became the victim of bureaucratic infighting. Starting with barren files, it was allotted less than two brief years of life in which to gather information and atone for the delinquencies of decades. It spurred a number of prosecutions, deporting some mobsters, jailing others. But its two most notable successes – the conviction of some twenty of the Apalachin conspirators and of Tony Accardo for income tax evasion – were erased on appeal. Wessel, who intended to return to the practice of law, was concerned lest all that his unit had achieved should be undone, and he recommended the creation within the Justice Department of a small, special unit devoted to keeping track of developments in the world of syndicated crime. Support came from law enforcement officers across the nation.

The issue came to a head in early October, 1960, when the International Association of Police Chiefs held its annual convention in Washington, D.C. A special committee of the association, headed by Police Chief Edward J. Allen, of Santa Ana, California, in the past one of Hoover's favorites, sponsored a resolution calling for the establishment of a Federal nerve-center on organized crime. Many police chiefs were sympathetic and inclined to the view expressed by Captain James E. Hamilton, of the Los Angeles police department, that "the definite lack has been on a Federal level in furnishing local departments information as to the movements of national figures." But Hoover, who evidently saw such a new agency as a competitor and a threat to his exclusive rule in the field of law enforcement, threw his tremendous prestige into the fray.

APPEARING BEFORE the police chiefs, he claimed to see in the proposal the specter of a national police force – a "Gestapo" that might rob all of us of our liberties.

"The persons who endorse these grandiose schemes," he said, "have lost sight of some very basic facts. America's compact network of state and local law enforcement agencies traditionally has been the nation's first line of defense against crime. Nothing could be more dangerous to our democratic ideals than the establishment of an all-powerful police agency on the Federal scene. The truth of these words is clearly demonstrated in the experience of nations ruled by ruthless tyrants both here in the Western Hemisphere and abroad."

That did it. FBI propagandists, circulating at the convention, pressured the assembled police chiefs. The Committee on Organized Crime, which Chief Allen had headed, was deactivated and Allen, long a devout worshipper of Hoover, was almost read out of the lodge. The Allen-Wessel proposal for a Federal nerve-center on criminal information died.

John F. Kennedy, then President, and brother Bobby, Attorney General, listened to Hoover and gave in – although both had been on the McClellan Committee when the proposal got its first push.

Law enforcement was right back in the splintered state in which Wessel had found it more than three years earlier.

To all of this there was to be added one significant

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postscript. Hoover, who has one of the most powerful egos ever to flourish in the Washington hothouse of egos, never forgets a critic. And so, in the spring of 1961, he seized the chance to square accounts with the members of Wessel's Special Group.

The occasion was his annual appearance before the friendly sounding-board of the House Appropriations Committee, whose members sometimes ask the revered Director of the FBI whether he is sure he has asked for *enough* funds to meet the demands of his bureau. This time, Rep. John J. Rooney, New York Democrat and one of Hoover's fervent admirers, asked a leading question: Would the chief of the FBI like to comment about the performance of Wessel's Special Group?

Hoover snapped at the chance to square accounts with Goettel, Oglivie and the always diplomatic Wessel. Criticism of the FBI for lack of cooperation, said Hoover, had been "unwarranted and unfair." He added: "My only conclusion is that some individuals look at . . . TV too frequently and absorb some of the fantastic panaceas as to how to solve *local crimes*." (Italics added.) The Wessel group, he said, had indicated by its activities that "their chief preoccupation is the quest for nest-feathering publicity." They had asked the FBI to assign special agents to the group "to be used on 'fishing expeditions' " but . . . "obviously, we have neither the manpower nor the time to waste on such speculative ventures."

It's basic that if you don't embark on fishing expeditions you don't catch fish. But this didn't matter. What registered with press and public was that Hoover had spanked those Wessel Boy Scouts – and spanked them good, like a firm father should.

Such performances seem calculated to deter the sincere critic, the dedicated fighter of crime. Faced with the prospect of such a withering counter fire, few law enforcement officers feel eager to challenge publicly Hoover's thesis that we live in the best of all possible worlds and that nothing can be done better than it is now being done. One of the few challengers has been Police Chief William Parker, of Los Angeles. On one occasion Parker traced Hoover's opposition to a national crime nerve-center back to 1952, when the police chiefs were considering approval of a resolution calling for a national crime commission.

"The FBI shows great interest when stolen property moves across a state line," Chief Parker said, "but little interest when some criminal or criminal mobs move from state to state. I strongly believe crime will destroy America if something isn't done."

Asked whether he thought the FBI could handle the crime-busting job, Chief Parker replied bluntly: "They could, but they have shown no indication that they will or that they want to."

Such, then, is the picture of the FBI's failure to solve, even to tackle, the crime problem that matters most. It is a performance that is the very reverse of the public image of Hoover and his FBI as infallible in combatting every aspect of crime.

How did Hoover and his men get their halos? What causes their foot-dragging?

In capsule, here are the major reasons for the intertwining of fact and fiction about the FBI:

An original misconception – Hoover early embraced the idea that the gangsters of the Prohibition Era, seeking a new racket after repeal, would turn to kidnaping. It was a totally erroneous conception, but this, of course, has never been acknowledged.

The conviction scorecard – One of Hoover's major propaganda ploys is the oft-trumpeted assertion that the FBI achieves something like 98 per cent of convictions. This is a cardinal prop in the infallibility legend. The pretense can be maintained only by a flood of convictions – and these are most easily obtained against two-bit criminals, not against multi-millionaire underworld lords with their slick lawyers.

FBI personnel – As a result of Hoover's selection policies, his personnel is not best suited to undercover work. Hoover's fetish for clean-scrubbed, 100 per cent American types with college degrees has produced a generally high-class bureau; but when it comes to infiltrating underworld rings, the hard-boiled local detective or narcotics agent, capable of looking as if he has just rolled out of a rumpled bed after a hard night with a bottle and a blonde, is often more effective.

The influence of mob money – Dirty dollars are heavy in politics, and very possibly Hoover, a consummate bureaucratic politician, recognizes their long reach and does not look for trouble. He leads a charmed life with Congresses of all political complexions. Could his life remain so charmed if his FBI showed a crusading zeal to smash the mobs whose contributions help to swell the political war chests?

Each of these propositions bears fuller examination.

It was clear to virtually everyone in law enforcement in the 1930s that repeal of Prohibition would not solve the racket problem. Bootlegging had made crime big-league. Underworld resources soared into the hundreds of millions of dollars. It was obvious that mob leaders, possessed of the kind of bankrolls even a Rockefeller might envy, weren't going suddenly to reform; they would still be crooks – and they would be looking for new rackets. Hoover, who had the ear of Franklin D. Roosevelt's first Attorney General, Homer Cummings, plumped strong for the idea that the mobsters would turn to kidnaping. He and Cummings bellowed loudly to the nation that they were going to get the rulers of the underworld. By this, they meant the mobster-kidnapers.

The mid-30s, as a result, were the glory period of the FBI – the epoch of shoot-downs with desperadoes in the best Wild West fashion. Hoover adopted the tactic of proclaiming the bad man highest on his list at the moment as Public Enemy No. 1, and hardly had a thug achieved this distinction before he tumbled face

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down under the avenging fire of FBI agents. It was all heady, headline stuff, and Hoover and the FBI have been striding across the nation in ten-league boots ever since. Only one unpublicized fact marred this panorama of flawless heroism: the Public Enemies No. 1 who bit the dust weren't the Number Ones at all.

ALL THE TIME Hoover and the FBI were chasing the likes of Dillinger and Karpis, the men who represented the much greater menace, delightfully out of the headlines, went about setting up the enduring "invisible government" of crime. This government dates almost certainly from May, 1929, when Frank Costello, flanked by Joe Adonis and facing Al Capone, called Mafia chieftains from all over the nation to conclave in an Atlantic City hotel. The decisions taken there led to the formation and active functioning of that awesome underworld power structure known as the Combination or the Syndicate, an amalgamation of the various Mafia "families" and other underworld baronies into one close-knit enterprise, with rackets allotted, territories defined. Its aim was nothing so crude and penny ante as kidnaping, but the commercial, never-ending rackets worth literally billions of dollars in annual revenues—gambling in all its forms, loan-sharking, narcotics.

Even at the time, there were some who perceived the flaw in the Hoover-Cummings conception of the true underworld menace. In September, 1935, Milton S. Mayer wrote perceptively in *Forum:*

"Kidnaping is largely an amateur sport. Unlike bootlegging, it is desperate and dangerous. It attracts two kinds of men: nuts and the kind of person who shoots up banks. It does not attract the kind of man who peddles illicit goods or murders fellow hoodlums for hire under the tolerant eye of both police and public. 'Good' criminals, the foundation blocks of the underworld, avoid it because it's a one-shot racket; kidnaping is easier to solve than any other major crime; the life of a 'kidnaping gang' has never been shown to be more than one kidnaping."

Time has proved the validity of this analysis. The famous kidnapers were not the big names of the underworld. Bruno Richard Hauptmann was an impoverished carpenter; Angelo John LaMarca, executed for the kidnap-murder of the Weinberger baby on Long Island in the late 1950s, was a penniless laborer driven to the border of insanity by the crushing pressure of debts. The record makes it clear that the really dread powers of gangdom – Luciano, Genovese, Costello, Adonis, Anastasia – never were so stupid as to mess with a cheap thug's crime like kidnaping.

The kind of crimes and criminals Hoover has made primary targets has much to do with the statistical numbers game in which he takes such delight. For decades now, Hoover has claimed that the FBI scores as high as 97 or 98 per cent of convictions in the cases it handles. This much-ballyhooed contention received some decidedly rough handling on the only occasion on which it was subjected to thorough critical analysis. That was back in 1937, when the Brookings Institution made a comparison of the effectiveness of the Federal police agencies for a Senate Committee headed by Harry F. Byrd, conservative Virginia Democrat. Brookings researchers found that the FBI's conviction record for 1935-36 was only 72.5 per cent and that the Bureau, in effectiveness, trailed the Narcotics Bureau, the Secret Service, the Alcohol Tax Unit, the Post Office Inspection Service and the Internal Revenue Bureau. The only agency it outranked was the Customs Bureau.

The type of crimes that weighted even these statistics showed clearly in the Brookings report. It found that, in fiscal 1936, the FBI reported 3,905 convictions – and that 1,570 of these, or 40.2 per cent, involved thieves who took stolen cars across state lines. The years have not changed the situation. Every year, when Hoover

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goes before Congressional appropriations committees, he makes a great play about the number of cases handled, the high percentage of convictions, the amount of stolen property recovered and its value. These last figures always show that the FBI represents a great fiscal bargain; for, no matter how much it costs, it always "saves" millions more by its recoveries of hijacked goods and stolen cars.

In both of these fields, the Bureau is greatly assisted by local police and industrial detective agencies, outside helpers who are frequently responsible for FBI "successes." Apportioning credit is secondary, however, to the vital issue – the relative importance of the kind of criminals the FBI chases.

William W. Turner, a veteran FBI agent who received many commendations before he fell from grace and was dismissed after more than ten years' service, has estimated that "a large portion" of the FBI's convictions represent "misdemeanor offenses, not felonies." The stumblebums of crime are easy to convict. "These people usually can't afford attorneys when they're caught," Turner explains. "They usually figure, well, the FBI's got me, and they invariably plead guilty – with few exceptions." Another ex-FBI agent recently told *Newsweek:* "The Bureau likes sure things. It likes a statistic. Car cases are open and shut . . . J. Edgar doesn't want anything he feels the Bureau can falter on."

Most persons leveling such accusations at the FBI prefer to remain anonymous, but Warren Olney III is different. Olney was Assistant Attorney General from 1953-57 and headed the Criminal Division which prosecutes the cases investigated by Hoover's FBI. Olney, in a position to know the most intimate facts, bluntly terms Hoover's statistics "hogwash." The FBI's car theft data is a case in point, Olney feels. "In at least half, and possibly more of these cases," he says, "the thieves are arrested and the cars returned by local officials."

Olney adds that the FBI sometimes balks at taking on a case unless it feels certain of breaking it. He cites as a graphic illustration the 1956 kidnaping of Professor Jesus de Galindez. Dr. Galindez, who was teaching at Columbia University at the time, was a bitter foe of Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, the long-time dictator of the Dominican Republic, and he had committed the cardinal offense of composing a philippic casting acid doubt on the purity of the Trujillo family tree. This, to Trujillo, was an unforgivable offense, and Trujillo agents, in a cloak-and-dagger plot that reads like the wildest fiction, kidnaped Dr. Galindez in New York, knocked him out with drugs, spirited him to an airport at Amityville, L. I., and there put him aboard a small plane flown by Gerald Lester Murphy, a young Oregonian. Murphy made Miami with the dawn, refueled and flew Dr. Galindez on into the Dominican Republic, where he was delivered to the tender mercies of Trujillo. (Murphy himself was later murdered by Trujillo agents.)

"Well," Olney says, "this was a case of a professor being snatched from the streets of New York by a foreign power, kidnaped, taken out of the country and murdered. If this isn't a case within the FBI's jurisdiction, then I don't know what is." But, Olney added, Hoover refused to take the case "purely to preserve his statistical record."

Hoover actually went farther than that. The enormous prestige of the FBI was thrown into diversionary actions, into the task of muddying the waters in an attempt to show that Dr. Galindez had *not* been kidnaped at all.

With a reporting partner, I dug deeply into the Galindez affair and detailed every step of the plot. And at every step we uncovered the tracks of FBI agents who had been there before us, questioning the same persons we were questioning. The facts were conclusive and undeniable; but the FBI turned cool, even hostile. I recall vividly the day that former Rep. Charles O. Porter, of Oregon, who was waging a one-man battle in Congress for an investigation, telephoned me from Washington. He told me that a man, whom I recognized as one of Hoover's long-time stooges in the fourth estate, was industriously purveying a yarn labeled as the FBI's "inside" story of the Galindez mystery. This was that Dr. Galindez had not been kidnaped at all; he had been in reality, according to this version, a James Bond type engaged in all kinds of devious machinations and his disappearance had been rigged to serve some unexplained Communist purpose. The story gained wide currency. It cooled off even a lot of editors who should have known better; and Congress, not a very crusading

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body at the time, quietly buried and forgot the Porter demands for an investigation.

Such is the cost of the FBI's "statistics" fixation; such is the road-block this fixation erects in the path of investigative work that really matters.

The kind of work that does get performed and the kind of personnel who perform it complement the story. Other agencies, engaged in hard-nosed sleuthing, sometimes refer derisively to Hoover's agents as "the glamour gals" of the trade. The clean-scrubbed FBI agents, most of them trained as lawyers or accountants, are well able to work with, and through, local law enforcement agencies and private detective organizations. They possess in high degree all the skills required for tracking down commercial crimes or proving the scientific side of a criminal case. But they are out of their element when it comes to the difficult task of impersonating underworld types and engaging in surveillance. Added to this flaw is the fact that the massive FBI complex is so rigidly controlled by Hoover at the top that there remains little room for the kind of free-wheeling detective work so essential if underworld mobs are to be effectively infiltrated.

Few realize the degree to which the FBI is computerized. "IBM equipment is all over the place," one source familiar with its operation says. "Agents in the field are supposed to check in regularly, and the IBM machines keep track of every man almost every minute. This is all so that Hoover and the Washington Bureau can exercise rigid control; there is little room for flexibility, for the kind of undercover work that the Narcotics Bureau, for example, does so effectively."

In one way, says this source, this kind of ironclad control is almost essential to protect the rights of the average citizen. "There are only 270 narcotics agents," this man explains, "and if one of them gets out of line and starts breaking down doors and trampling on people's rights, it's not so serious – it can be quickly corrected. But there are 6,000 FBI agents, and I shudder to think what would happen if they ever got out of control. It would be a mess."

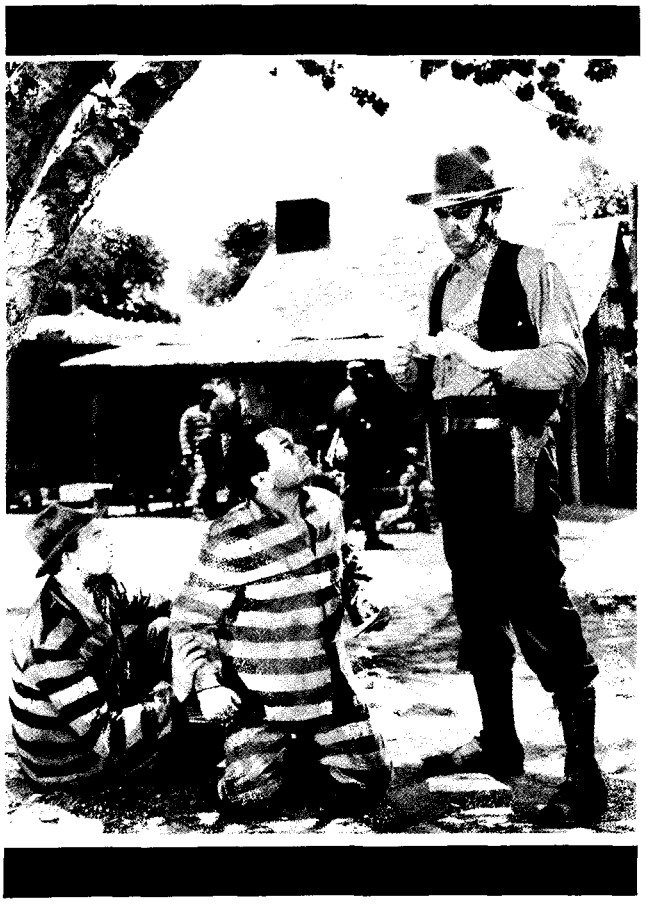
According to this view, it is virtually essential, if we are to have a Federal police force of this enormous size and power, that it be rigidly controlled, checked and made to stick within the letter of the law. Yet this tight rule, this stickling for ultra-fine points of law militate against the release of investigative energies aimed at cracking the gigantic criminal conspiracy of the underworld.

The contrast shows up best, perhaps, in the differing attitudes of the FBI and the Federal Bureau of Narcotics.

"You go in and ask the FBI for help in investigating a certain case," says a former Federal prosecutor who has worked with both agencies, "and the answer you get almost instantly goes something like this: 'What's your evidence? Show us where we have jurisdiction.' Unless you could almost prove the case for them and establish in advance that a Federal crime had been committed, they wouldn't move. The Narcotics Bureau, on the other hand, would listen to your story, feel certain that you probably had a case, and they'd go into it right away."

Since few cases are established in their full legal outlines prior to investigation, Hoover's insistence that the FBI must not go on "fishing expeditions" is a definite asset to criminals.

Is there more to this reluctance than meets the eye? This is the hardest question of all to answer. There can be no doubt that mob money exerts tremendous leverage in politics. Milton Wessel has estimated that a full half of gangdom's enormous gambling revenues – a staggering $4.5 to $5 billion a year – is used for police bribes and the purchase of political influence. This represents corruption on a colossal scale, and there is little question that these billions purchase potent influence up and down the political ladder. Some investigators, naturally anonymous, will tell you that, when they begin digging deeply into some smelly underworld situation, the phone will ring and the voice of some powerful political figure will come trumpeting over the line in outrage, demanding: "What are you doing to our *friends?*"



Such queries rarely find their way into public record, but it is worthy of note that, in the recent Bobby Baker investigation, a few tracks showed up dimly.

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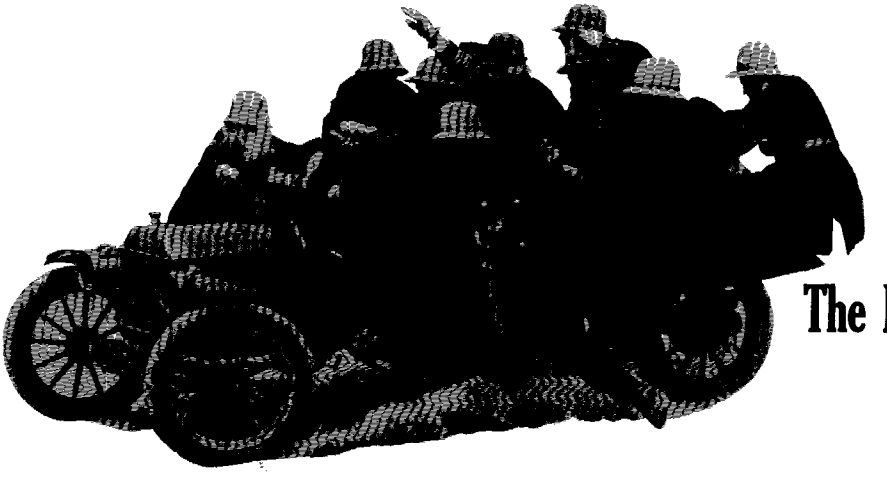
Bobby Baker was, of course, the Senate protegé of Lyndon B. Johnson and the powerfully placed secretary to the Senate's Democratic majority. In the course of the tepid investigation into his wheeling and dealing, it was discovered that he had acted on one occasion as the emissary of a couple of powerful Las Vegas figures attempting to secure Latin American hotel and gambling concessions. The Senate inquiry into this phase of the Baker case ran into a flock of obscuring Fifth Amendment pleas and never progressed beyond the disclosure of this intriguing tie.

Is it the existence of this kind of influence that deters Hoover? There is no proof, but there is a general belief that Hoover treads warily when confronted with the prospects of such far-reaching power plays. This is perhaps one of the underlying causes for his persistent refusal to recognize the existence of the Mafia, for his stubborn insistence that syndicated crime is a local and state, not a Federal, responsibility. If the Mafia were acknowledged, if the reality of interstate criminal organizations were acknowledged, it would be virtually imperative for Hoover and the FBI to lead the charge against the criminal ramparts. And this Hoover has never been eager to do. Even worse, his tremendous ego, his dedication to the proposition that the FBI represents the be-all and end-all of Federal law enforcement, makes it virtually impossible for any other organization to attempt the monumental task.

"I don't object so much to the fact that the FBI doesn't do it, but that Hoover won't let anyone else do it," says Milton Wessel. "It is this attitude that has created the tremendous vacuum – this attitude that, though they won't or can't move in most of these cases, this whole field must still be reserved for them."

Local and state law officers cannot control national crime rings; the Federal Bureau of Investigation won't even try. In the words of Jackie Gleason: How sweet it is for the mobs.



The End

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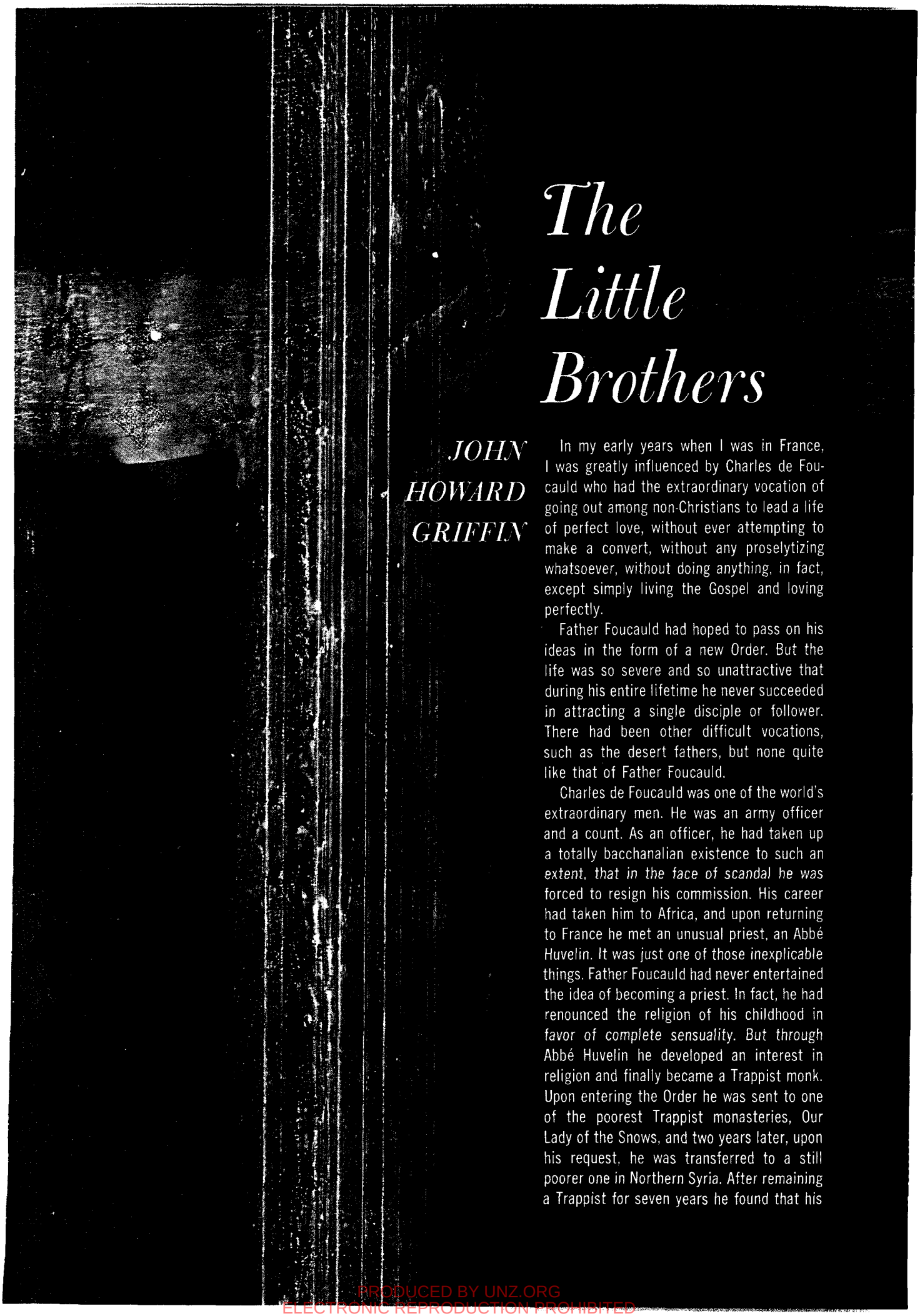

The Little Brothers

JOHN HOWARD GRIFFIN

In my early years when I was in France, I was greatly influenced by Charles de Foucauld who had the extraordinary vocation of going out among non-Christians to lead a life of perfect love, without ever attempting to make a convert, without any proselytizing whatsoever, without doing anything, in fact, except simply living the Gospel and loving perfectly.

Father Foucauld had hoped to pass on his ideas in the form of a new Order. But the life was so severe and so unattractive that during his entire lifetime he never succeeded in attracting a single disciple or follower. There had been other difficult vocations, such as the desert fathers, but none quite like that of Father Foucauld.

Charles de Foucauld was one of the world's extraordinary men. He was an army officer and a count. As an officer, he had taken up a totally bacchanalian existence to such an extent, that in the face of scandal he was forced to resign his commission. His career had taken him to Africa, and upon returning to France he met an unusual priest, an Abbé Huvelin. It was just one of those inexplicable things. Father Foucauld had never entertained the idea of becoming a priest. In fact, he had renounced the religion of his childhood in favor of complete sensuality. But through Abbé Huvelin he developed an interest in religion and finally became a Trappist monk. Upon entering the Order he was sent to one of the poorest Trappist monasteries, Our Lady of the Snows, and two years later, upon his request, he was transferred to a still poorer one in Northern Syria. After remaining a Trappist for seven years he found that his

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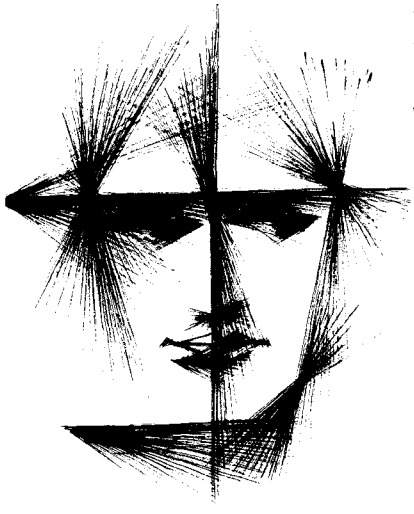
soul was still unsatisfied, and he was released from his vows.

What Father Foucauld came to realize was that a life in God that equivocates, that is less than total, absolute, and heroic is simply not enough. What he desired was to go into the deserts of the world, the most desolate and barren of all habitable places, where men have been crucified and defeated, and to take work, all the while revealing no visible sign of his vocation. He would live in poverty, according to his conscience. Of course, Foucauld's concept of poverty was absolute poverty: a roof, a minimum of food, and any kind of clothes available. Whatever he had left over he would anonymously and unobtrusively give to anyone in need, and always without drawing any attention for what he had done. Again, it was the idea of living the Gospel perfectly. His life was one of prayer and meditation for those who didn't even know about such things, or who had forgotten, or who didn't have time for such things. He simply hoped (or perhaps inwardly knew) that resonances from that kind of life had to go out to clean the spiritual cesspools of humanity. What all this really amounts to is the perfect development of charity within the human soul.

Father Foucauld began to practice his philosophy at Beni-Abbes, an oasis in the Sahara located near Morocco. He was convinced that one day he would have a fraternity of Little Brothers to join him, but these never appeared. Finally, in desperation, he moved further south to the village of Tamanrasset where he settled down. On December 1, 1916 he let himself be dragged from his hut and without a word of protest knelt while a Touareg shot him through the head.



It is not a difficult matter to understand why Little Brothers never flocked to Morocco and Charles de Foucauld, for his vocation was one stripped of the usual consolations associated with the religious life. The priesthood was not only unnecessary, it was undesirable. There was obviously no need for apologetics if one lived a quiet, sequestered life and sought no converts. Taking the solemn vows of poverty, chastity and obedience was prerequisite to an ascetic life among the most wretched and the most miserable of the earth, without the consolation of an ordered fellowship, or even a priestly fellowship, which one normally associates with the regular monastic life. This was a practice of monasticism within the world, and there is something quite terrifying about it, particularly if one is to be located either in the Arab countries where Foucauld worked, or in any of the great slums of the world. With great fervor a young man may throw away his life for a short time, but to think of a whole lifetime of hard work with no single visible result is a fairly terrifying prospect.

How then, did the Little Brothers ever materialize? Ironically, they came into existence through the fact that Father Foucauld was like a great many men who seek to be the least known, but who tend to be so extraordinary that they instead become the best-known. News of him filtered out of Africa and attracted others into the desert. Finally, Father René Voillaume headed up an order of the Little Brothers and Sisters of Father Foucauld's, as it was originally called, and which is more popularly known as the Little Brothers and the Little Sisters of Jesus (Les Petits Frères et Les Petites Soeurs de Jésus).

The great ferment came after World War II when there were in Europe, as in this country, an unaccountable and unprecedented number of young men seeking entry into contemplative orders such as Trappists. Some of these men had been closely associated with the internment camps of one sort or another, and I think that they were both privileged and horrified to see Satan; they saw unmasked evil. After the awful vacuum left by the War with its Nazism and horror, I suppose men needed to become heroic in their virtue in order to counteract this awful insanity; and so one saw a great number of young people attracted to this particular vocation.

When the Little Brothers began to organize into a specific entity, the form they selected almost perfectly matched the form suggested by Father Foucauld's ideal. The figures are not readily available, but an amazing number of young people gathered, and of these a great many stuck. The test was the desert. A novitiate for the men was set up in an absolutely barren spot in the Sahara. They set up tents and lived in silence and solitude with nothing but the sterile landscape and the sky; this was considered the virilizing process. One needed no particular intelligence quotient; one needed only a brief period of training in what the order meant and stood for.

So they began to go out from the desert. For example, some of the first Little Brothers would go into the slum areas of Marseilles,

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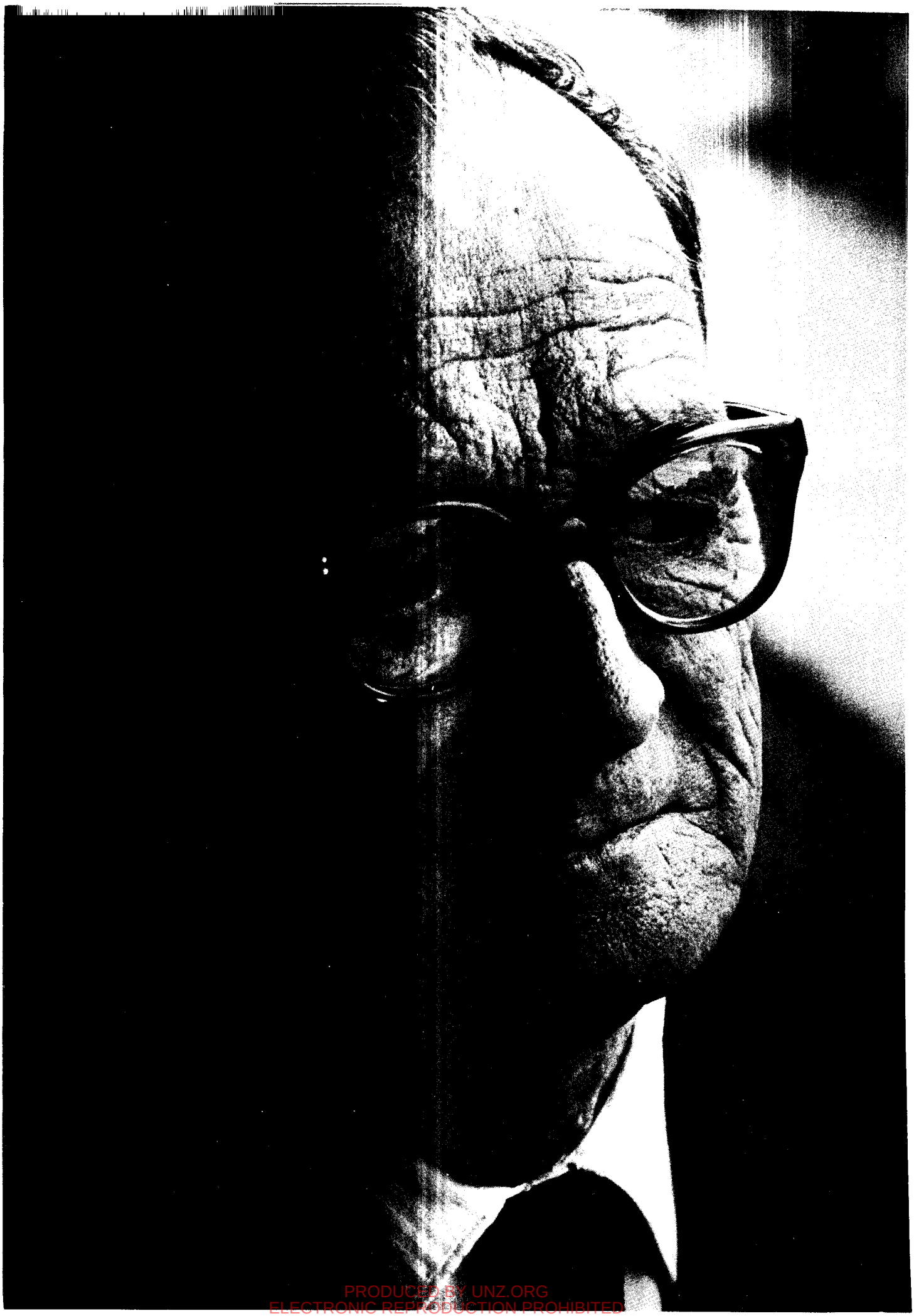

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which are probably the worst in the world. Others traveled with Gypsy bands and never identified themselves. In each case, the Little Brother lived among the needy, not as a preacher, but as a fellow.

Of course, the system has been considerably expanded since that time. When one is out alone, or at best with another, one needs a more thorough theological preparation in order to cope with the problems that arise, particularly the drying up of the spirit and the constant, incredible, unrelieved contact with human misery and physical degradation. But the initial stage of the program has always been preserved: The Brothers spend six months in the Sahara to test their vocation. Where there is no distraction, it doesn't take very long for a man to learn to rely entirely upon his relationship with God, or, if he can't, to find out that he needs something more in the way of consolation and satisfaction. The men are completely isolated during this period. They sustain themselves on a diet of dried figs and dried dates, or whatever local food is available. Meditation alone must serve as their real sustenance, or they have chosen the wrong profession. Before long they are going to be in places where even the desert rat would appear almost like a friend.

After the Sahara, the Brothers go to one of the houses of formation for three years of theological training. The principal house is located at Toulouse, France. The theology that is taught them is not apologetic; it does not involve itself with the hierarchical structure of the Church. Rather, it is a scientifically precise study of the development of the spiritual life. It is the type of theology that will prepare a man to grow in Christ, and, unguided, it can be a terrifying experience. It is a theology based upon the precautions of St. John of the Cross.

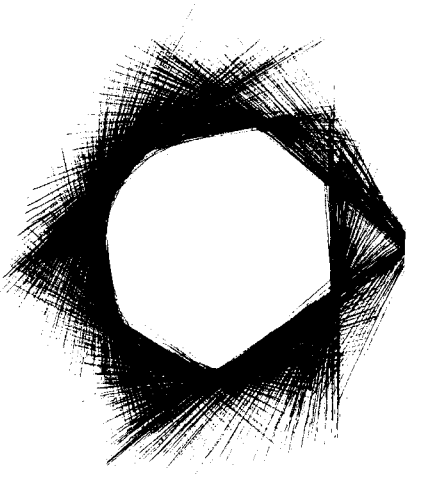
At last, after having taken the perpetual vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, the Little Brothers are sent out on their own into areas of the greatest need. They expect no financial support beyond what is necessary to sustain them until they find some work. Many of these men are university graduates and beautifully trained. Under normal circumstances they could command excellent positions, but this is not the point. The point is to find a job that will earn enough for their own poor needs, and if anything remains, it is given away. The type of job is immaterial. If possible, each Brother attends daily mass, but in any case, he has an hour of meditation every day and says his office in private. The Little Brother is, therefore, a monk in his own private world.

Theoretically, of course, the Little Brothers just don't go out and disappear forever; there is some communication carried on with the house at Toulouse. To the greatest extent possible, Father Voillaume himself is on constant visitations to these young men. But this doesn't necessarily mean that he gets to them very frequently. In this way, one keeps the illusion of contact even though it is unlikely that he will ever return to Toulouse. As of now I have knowledge of no provision that would call one back every certain number of years.

Each Little Brother is simply on his own. The beauty of this system is that one doesn't make decisions in Toulouse for a man who is living with Gypsies, or who works in the slums of some city, since any decision might be grotesque in view of the sort of life he is leading. Therefore, there must be a tremendous amount of ability on the part of the Little Brother himself.

Today the Little Brothers are scattered over the entire world; members may be found in Europe, the Arab countries, Africa and Latin America. In this country we have two, Brother Manuel and Brother Roger, who came here in 1963 with Jacques Maritain. (Of course, it is entirely possible that there are more in America of whom we are ignorant, perhaps in Harlem or living with the Eskimos; this is very little known. Very often I meet great heroic laymen who go quietly among the poor, never preach and never look for the results of their actions.)

When it became known that Brother Manuel and Brother Roger were coming to this country, Bishop Wright of Pittsburgh requested that they work in his city. Detroit, on the other hand, wasn't at all enthusiastic. Typically, they chose to go where they were most needed, which was Detroit. They went into Detroit very quietly and set about their business, naturally remaining quite separate from the structure of the Church. Brother Roger, who is a superbly equipped human being, works as an orderly in a hospital, and Brother Manuel does some sort of work in a pawnshop, even though he is a master jeweler. Their vows of poverty are extremely authentic; they live in an old, old house in the ghetto. There they have a tiny chapel where they do their meditation, and cubicles



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just big enough to house their cots and bodies. All of the cell partitions were put up and hand-carved by the Brothers themselves. Each of them also prepares his own meals in a kitchen that looks like somebody else's back porch. I visited the Brothers once, and the only meal I ever saw eaten was a salad made by Brother Roger which he ate, hardly taking time to sit down, after which he dashed on out to his hospital chores. While they don't pretend to set up a mission, their doors are always open to anyone caught in an emergency. They have invited me to come and enjoy their palatial accommodations anytime I am in Detroit, and I can imagine no place in the world where I would rather stay.

Occasionally priests come to visit them, and it is almost as if they come to the Brothers to be edified, and to retreat to the absolutely pure kind of early Christianity where a man acts from no other volition or motive than to act as Christ.

Earlier, I mentioned the Little Sisters, and I don't want to overlook them. They work in precisely the same way as the Little Brothers, but oddly enough, there are a great many more Little Sisters than there are Little Brothers. One is always tempted to make cracks about nuns and their lack of theology, and yet someone once said that their lack of theology prevents them from rationalizing themselves out of situations where a Christ-like action is required. The Little Sisters travel to all the slums of the world. It is somewhat difficult for us to imagine them without special garb, intermingled in the masses of humanity, when we are so used to the traditional concepts of teaching and proselytizing. A little-known fact, but one with transcendent significance, is that quite often Little Brothers and Little Sisters take life term prison sentences in order to be with the world's most wretched people.

There is somebody else who is associated with the Little Brothers in Toulouse; I am referring to Jacques Maritain. His is a rather strange and interesting story. For many years many Orders had looked upon him and his wife as extraordinary people, and it was an open secret that there was an agreement between Jacques and Raïssa that the one who survived the other would end his days in a religious house. When Raïssa died, everyone held his breath to see where Jacques would decide to go, and what he would do with his remaining years. Since Jacques has had a great love of the Benedictines, everyone really expected him to turn in their direction. When he chose to go and live with the Brothers in Toulouse, where he is now living, everyone was quite dumbfounded. No one knows precisely the story of what he does there. I believe he is in the school of theology.

He once told me why he selected the Little Brothers of Toulouse, and this is a difficult point to make. To him they represented the nearest thing to the unspoiled early Christian that existed long ago. And with this kind of Christian there is nothing that one can't demand. Jacques has been extremely ill, and in another monastery he would have felt himself to be a burden, although nobody else would have considered this so. But at Toulouse, when it has been necessary, he has been taken care of like a baby in all simplicity. He is granted solitude, he does his work, and he is surrounded by a kind of love that is entirely and utterly purified of all selfishness. This is where he has survived the terrible blow of the loss of Raïssa.

For a moment, just after World War II, I thought that I had a vocation in the Little Brothers, but having an impediment of blindness at the time, I knew that this was not the case. I was fascinated by the Order, and I was anxious to make clear to the world the heroicness of this kind of vocation. I asked for and received permission to go to the Sahara and live their life in order to aid in the preparation of a novel. As far as I know, I am the only novelist ever given this opportunity. I had the permission, but I never acted upon it.

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pictures for an ossuary

harry stiehl

Sunset: and the gold curtains blaze as blood
Thickening, darkening, with the huntress tread
Of evening. On the Richmond road, the mud
Of weary men retreating south. Her head,
Floating dissevered in the gilded glass,
Swivels to watch her husband where he stands
Sipping the somber scuppernong, his brass
Burnished for battle.
Now her twilight hands
Flutter like tapers on the clavichord:
Her song swells to the painted family dead
Until their blackest corner fills with light . . .
And light is blazing on the spectral head
Of the gray staff-officer, who grips his sword,
Absently staring at the stalking night.

Split tongues of sunlight splay the faded yard,
The emerald chinaberry and the church
White in the country distance, where a hard
Bell stammers dust and death. The wagons lurch
Along the rutted red clay where a snake
Lifts his green head and listens to the load
Of dusted apples creak, the windows shake.
The white dust shifts and settles on the road.
She draws the heavy drapes—
and turns to stare
At the stark black coffin on the parlour floor,
At the twisted paper streamers stiff with flies.
She lifts the new-dyed bone-lace from her head,
Steps up for one last moment to the bed:
Her fingers slowly stretch to close the eyes.

His Gothic sockets fix her in the glass
Tortured with sleepy terror as a grass
Snake slithers at her ankles . . . Quick as fire,
The mirror splinters with her bold desire
To touch her brother in his wooden Hell
While circling Memory, plunging in its well,
Garners the garish fantasies of fever.
She stirs and stammers . . .
Has it been forever?
The black old priest is asking by her bed.
Stained with the desperate secrets of the dead,
He sways above her, clutching, till she cries,
Clawing her brother's portrait—and his eyes
Blaze with the bloody ransom of his end
As fever ravens circle to descend.

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4

Her stricken eyes circle along the walls.
The book of her holy body (where he prayed,
A priestly celebrant, from page to page)
Sprawls here estranged in suffering or floats,
Unfleshed, in the ghostly ecstasy of age—
Till she is dreaming of the swans and boats
Of long-spent summers, restless nightingales
Spurting with passion in the Tuscan shade . . .
But she wakes old, unwanted.
His grass-green grave,
Bold with its brass-green Angel, turns, the urns
Bearing dust of dust, forever, in the storm
Dark day. Mocked by her mourning, mocking love,
She sits here, baffled, like a child or a chair,
Or a mirror turned too long on idle air.

5

The lilac withers in the black exhaust
Blasting the dusty garden, as a bell
Tells of her stiff corruption and the crossed
Currents of Time and Dying. *All is well,*
The Sisters whisper as the Irish priest,
Taking the Devil by the horns, intones
Another *Memorare* . . . where the feast
Of drowsy bees is droning . . . where her bones,
Numbered in Christ, are crumbling in the black
Habit that serves her for a shroud.
Alas!
Her blind eyes blur, her amber beads go slack,
Forever, as we stumble from her Mass
Into a green and garish summer, where
The gold bees circle in the sundered air.

6

The gold bees plundering the purple plumes
Of hyacinths below the garden god
Are sorrow, sorrow, of disordered summer
The dull reason, surging blindly in her blood
While that mad fluttering wingclipt thing, her heart,
Returns and hovers like the insatiate hummer.
She hears his lost voice harping Vergil's art,
Fit sonitus, closing the honey tombs
As a book is ended, as a life.
Return!
Return! her senses signal to the leaves
Burning imperishably. Her eyelids burn
A moment, their green, mascaraed glitter grieves
For his dead flesh, the slow encircling arms
Where Vergil's endless bees swirl on in swarms.

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7

THE SUMMER LIMES, tormented by a rage
Of bees, golden, a dusty shimmer, spill
Pale-ivory skull-like flowers across his page
Until he sees the graveyard and its grille
(Steeped in the sleepy ichor of the hours)
Lean its enchanted acres to the blood
Gold images of Christ, Whose eyelids brood
Still on the inward mirror, terror's flowers
Fading and fading under glass.
The garden,
Its crackling emerald edges split with fire,
Pursues him with its memory of her cry,
Sovegna vos! till, where the old walls redden,
The serpent turns on him its jewelled tear
Like a restless eyelid turning on an eye.

8

SWART STATUARY, sunken in the grass,
Swims in the violet crepuscular haze
Like mourning. Mourning Angels, in a daze,
Shed their dim wings, doomed locusts, on the stone
Waiting for Resurrection. Shadows pass,
Rooks of the long ravine, to where the moon
Tinges the names intaglioed in granite.
The tourist reads and strolls.
A winter planet,
Turning in onyx wind, tilts the maguey
Gardens in spectral light. Aloe distilled
Medicines him to sweet unease of dread—
Metempsychosis!—and the horses neigh,
Horses of storm! Ah, lightning, lightning! Chilled,
He feels his entrails twist with all his dead.

9

GREEN DUSK. Plagued by the *rossignols* of Tours,
Ravished intemperately on memory's trees,
And her accomplished brisk adulteries
(Who had played Desdemona to his Moor),
He sees again the rented green *château*,
Their act of darkness on the barbarous bed
While flapping shutters flashed with orange storm:
Toiling to tidal climax, splashed by warm
Wax of a post-coital sadness.
Dead!
He cries, with vicious satisfaction, *Dead!*
Vingt ans après, he lifts the wineglass, sees
The Glory of it all go up, the Host, the Chalice,
The gold bells stammering SANCTUS on her shrouded
Ghost, the blind king in the ghastly palace.

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10

HIGH, in the ruined convent, at the brass
Zenith of Cartagena, once, we stared
Down the steep cliffs a suicide of nuns
Martyred for Morgan's men. The crude crevasse
Lay empty, open as a heart. Unscared,
The stiff protected vultures picked at bones,
Cat-carcass, with the venomous pride of men.
Over a whirl of flies, the verminous reek
Sickened the orange morning.
Mother turned
Away in horror of this sad grotesque.
Plunging in emerald, the sea's mirror burned
(Memory that glitters like the priest's gold disk!)
Coffee *bodegas*, rotting, green with grain,
And the expensive liner, riding, sleek.

11

DULLED DAYS in Curaçao, drinking gin!
Moscas. Orange, the roofs of Willemstadt
Waver in heat. Bobbing, the pontoon-float
Swings to permit the passage of a boat.
My mother spills a cool largesse, Cologne,
Over her fevered temples; turning, sees
(Whirling enormously in long migraine)
The fan above the bed, a wounded heart.
And she is wounded . . .
Spinning with the blades,
She sees a life: her marriage in the heat,
No murmured Catholic service, Latin bees
Droning the long injunction, CAVEAT!
This is a life, she thinks. Delighted, cries,
Trumping my diamonds with her Queen of Spades!

12

ODOUR OF MEMORY: now, as in a glass,
I see my mother reading in her chamber
A murder-story, gory as a *corrida*.
Shadowed with eggshell light and Baltic amber,
She is blind to the stain of storm, the drunk grass
Blown to Jalisco. Tubbed on the veranda,
The blue hydrangeas droop in the hot rain:
Hopes of the poor or candles lit to saints.
The bougainvillea, hived with water, faints
On the white wall.
Hour of exiled pain.
Now she has risen from the bamboo bed,
Moved to the louvred windows. Does she descry
That Mexico, more violent than this sky,
Where Calles' henchmen scythe the Catholic dead?

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13

MIRRORED, a sunset blooms. Its Titian blur
Tinctures the terrace where the lady sits
Nodding to ghosts, a calm distinction. *Sir,*
My brows were fêted by the King's True Wits.
Versailles was summer, Louis was the sun.
Tout dort: l'Armée, les ducs, Racine. The gold
Oozed from the peasants to our winecups, rolled
In a quick turn of Fortune.
In the sun,
Dying survival, she is fêted there
By those True Wits, the Furies. See, her hair
Blazes to blood in the sublime distortion
Of sun, the Sun-King from his varnished gloom
Surveys the dead, his uncontested portion,
Where peasants whet their sickles on a tomb.

14

THE SMALL white shadowed lilac in the park
Whirled meaningless by wind and rain, the dark
Arrow encroaching on the garden dial
Before the bronze boy burdened on his stone
By sunlight, tears of winter, and the drone
Of murderous bees: *All this, this is a trial!*
He murmurs vaguely to the murky gloom
Strangling the lily's stenching foot, the red
Morocco binding of Rimbaud.
The warm
Garden is drugged with adoration, her
Body besieged by pale rain of the dead.
The fat ghosts chant like choirboys in his head
As the stubborn candle, spurting into fire,
Spills on his flesh the hot wax of the storm.

15

A STONE URN, punctually refreshed with flowers,
And, sepia as tea, his photograph
Immured in glass, a bargain. Life's dull hours
Whisper their mocking music, drifting leaves,
Over the graveyard where the mourner grieves . . .
Marble, the Angel on the cenotaph
Speaks to her spirit, everlastingly,
The words of Earth, but not his words.
She reads,
IN EARTH, SMOKE, SHADOW, NOTHINGNESS — but stands
Thinking, *Not so! Not so!*, touching the three
Crosses in supplication, the Angel's wings.
The rosary rustles in her dress: her hands
In confident remorse resume the beads —
The old immortal *haeccitas* of things.

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Luis Buñuel: the man they call traitor, anarchist, pervert, defamer, iconoclast – but not lunatic

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an interview and an appraisal by Judy Stone

"They call (Luis) Buñuel everything, traitor, anarchist, pervert, defamer, iconoclast. But lunatic they do not call him. It is true, it is lunacy he portrays, but it is not his lunacy. This stinking chaos which for a brief hour or so amalgamates under his wand, this is the lunacy of civilization, the record of man's achievement after 10,000 years of refinement. . . . (He) is deceived by nothing, not even the bogus charms of art. They should take Buñuel and crucify him, at least burn him at the stake. He deserves the greatest reward that man can bestow on man."—Henry Miller.

For Luis Buñuel, it began with the image of a razor blade passing over a young girl's eyeball and it is ending with an image of solitude: Simon, alone on top of his 50-foot column, praying in the desert.

Buñuel's first film, the surrealist *Un Chien Andalou*, which he composed of dream sequences and irrational gags along with Salvador Dali in 1928 was meant to alienate, disturb and shock the audience, but the ardor with which it was embraced by the Parisian avant garde shocked Buñuel himself. "What can I do," he wrote, "about people who are crazy for anything new, even if the novelty outrages their inmost convictions, or about a venal or insincere press, or about that pack of imbeciles who found beauty or poetry in what is, in essence, nothing less than a desperate, passionate appeal to murder."

The young Spaniard went on to become one of the world's most distinguished and iconoclastic film makers, reaching the culmination of his career in 1962 with the unforgettable and shocking story of the young novice, *Viridiana*.

For a man who continues to say, "I am still, thank God, an atheist; I believe that one must search for God in man," Buñuel has shown an increasing preoccupation with religion in his films.

Interpreted and attacked as anti-clerical, Buñuel took pains to deny that when I visited him at his modest home in Mexico City in December, the day after he finished shooting his latest picture, *Simon of the Desert*, inspired by the life of St. Simeon Stylites, the Syrian ascetic who spent 36 years on top of a 50-foot high pillar in the desert before he died in 459 at the age of 70.

"I am not anti-clerical," Buñuel said. "I have some friends who are priests. I have no religion, but I have a profound religious sense. The problem of the faith is very personal."

He responded courteously in English to questions which were inadvertently more presumptuous than I had realized. His son, Juan Luis, a stocky, vigorous, black-bearded young man, translated my questions into Spanish because Buñuel who is partially deaf finds it difficult to hear English.

"You can have a religious sense and no faith. Religion is not to be understood, but to be felt. I am a Catholic, baptized and rather obsessed by the religion, but I don't believe in anything. However, lately in all my pictures there are allusions to religion. There are problems of conscience that I still have not solved. It's a very intimate problem . . ." he broke off, not wanting to appear unresponsive but reluctant to give spontaneous answers to questions touching on his deepest beliefs. "I don't want to scandalize," he murmured.

At first, Buñuel said, he just "followed blindly" the faith of his family and his country. (Perhaps that is why the blind always personify evil in his films?) Born on February 22, 1900, in Calanda in the Spanish province of Aragon, he was the son of an adventurous man who had made his fortune in Cuba and who had returned to Spain to marry a very beautiful young woman whose tenderness and sensitivity are legendary. From the time Luis was eight years old until fifteen, he studied at the Jesuit school of Saragossa.

"This partly explains his ardent anti-clericalism," according to Luis Garcia-Abrines, a Spanish painter and dramatist. "In Spain, at least, it is true that Jesuit teaching produces two very definite types that permit no compromise: a Jesuitical type and the free thinker or

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Voltarian, for whom God is a mythological figure like the centaur or chimera."

Buñuel's Jesuit education made a lasting impression on him, Ado Kyro, a Greek film maker, reports in his extraordinarily hero-worshipping book on Buñuel (Simon and Schuster's *The World of Film* series): "Buñuel has said he was struck by the way the Jesuits channeled the sexual urges of their young charges by leading them to be actually (physically) in love with the Virgin Mary. Thus the boys masturbated in front of plaster statues of the Mother of Christ and did not think of chasing flesh-and-blood girls."*

In 1920, Buñuel attended the University of Madrid where he became friendly with Unamuno, Ortega y Gasset, de Falla, Federico Garcia Lorca and Dali. There he also began his study of Freud which was to leave such a deep imprint on his film production, not only in the surrealist pictures but also in the dreams and deliriums of the realist pictures (*Robinson Crusoe* and *Los Olvidados*). His collaboration with Dali took place before he actually became a part of the surrealist movement founded by André Breton in Paris in 1924 to provide an artistic expression of the subconscious as revealed in dreams.

"MY MORAL SENSE was fortified by surrealism," Buñuel told me. "Surrealism taught me that life has a moral meaning that man cannot ignore. Through surrealism I discovered for the first time that man is not free. I have a moral sense but it doesn't agree with the moral sense of society. Even as a young man I was able to glimpse something that on the spiritual and poetic plane goes far beyond Christian morality.

"I was against the morality I saw all around me. The whole thing. The country was used for making wars; the society that preached love for country, after all that, went to war in the first World War. And then the sexual morality, it has to be based on the blessing of a priest. I was against everything—the family, the church, the country—I saw the hypocrisy. You see injustice practiced every day but you can not do anything.

"After I arrived in Paris, I saw that surrealism was against everything. But it was a poetic movement. We had no cannon, no armies. We made a revolt that was no use."

There seemed to be something so sad in his voice that I hesitantly suggested: "Perhaps the only revolts that really count in the long run are the private ones."

"No," said Buñuel decisively. "I think the collective revolt is better. The interior is sterile. There was always revolt in my films, but that was the only exterior manifestation of my non-conformity."

The revolt and non-conformity were quite explicit in Buñuel's second surrealist film, *L'Age d'Or*. One of the first talking pictures, its savage defense of lovers united against the attacks of society—the church, the police, the family and the army—caused a scandal in Paris in 1930. *Les Camelots du Roi*, an organization of nationalistic, Catholic and royalist youths, tossed bottles of black ink on the screen, threw stench and tear-gas bombs, fired revolvers in the air, beat up members of the audience and wrecked the theater. After two stormy months, the police finally picked up all the prints. It was then successively banned in all European countries and has never been released in the United States.

Extremely self-critical, Buñuel gives the impression of being keenly conscious of the gap between his own dreams and the reality of his work. He is apt to give short shrift to some of the more esoteric examinations into the symbolism of his films. "I've heard or read interpretations of *Un Chien Andalou*, each more ingenious than the last, but all of them mistaken. Dali and I picked the gags—whatever occurred to us—and were merciless in throwing out everything that could mean anything. I've kept this taste for the irrational."

"What about Dali?" I asked. His portrait of Buñuel, painted in 1923, dominates the simple living room. Buñuel looks out from the frame, a handsome Spanish sophisticate, the eyes skeptical, severe, penetrating. You can understand why Lorca dedicated his poem *Riberenas* to "the head of Luis Buñuel: close-up." The face of Buñuel today is less handsome, but infinitely more attractive. The glossy black hair has receded, lines from old sicknesses and exile are etched into his face but the deep-set eyes glow with humor, sweetness and generosity.

When we discussed his religious feelings, Buñuel had turned that glinting humor on me. "In America," he said, "it's very bad not to have faith. You have to have faith in something. It's true, a man who does not believe in any God is bad. If you say he's an atheist, it's awful."

He may have been thinking of his own experience in New York when working with the Museum of Modern Art during the war. Dali, who was also in the U. S., had reconverted to Catholicism and called Buñuel an atheist in his autobiography.

"The Catholics in Washington read the book," said Buñuel, "and began to make pressure on the museum. I finally presented my resignation although the museum

*(Kyro's claim may have been based on activities at a single school in Spain some 50 years ago; it has not been substantiated as any more than an isolated instance.—Ed. Note.)

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coordinator liked me. A man in the State Department, representing Catholic interests in Washington, demanded to know how a 'person like that' could work for the museum.

"Dali," he added, "now believes in everything because it is practical." The amused gleam was still there. I thought of how Dali himself had called attention to his "inspired hypocrisy which never failed me in the supreme moments of my life," and I wondered how two such diverse men had ever come together.

At that time in the United States, Buñuel's career was foundering. He had made nothing challenging since 1933 when he filmed a documentary on the most poverty stricken part of Spain, *Las Hurdes* ("Land Without Bread"). In that film, made possible through the lottery winnings of an anarchist worker, "avoiding any bombast or preachment, Buñuel has filmed the stinking belly of the most wretched misery," Kyro writes. "The idiots, the corpses, the stinking poor . . . the image of a world in which the protective casing has been ripped off and the inner works exposed. . . . In this wretched land the only buildings we have seen that give any hint of luxury are the churches. Juxtaposing the hovels in which families and animals live pell-mell in filth with the prosperous churches provides more impact than a long speech. It is all as clear as the phrase a ragged, underfed urchin writes on a blackboard: 'Respect the property of others.' "

THE FILM CAUSED A SCANDAL in Spain and was banned by the Republican government as defamatory. Despite this, at the outbreak of the Civil War, the Loyalist government sent Buñuel to Paris and then to Hollywood to act as a technical advisor on films about the war. When the Republican government was defeated by Franco and his Fascist allies, Buñuel stayed on in the United States, speaking out for the war effort and dubbing films for Warner Brothers. Not until he went to Mexico in 1947 did Buñuel's unique creative vision find expression again, this time in the most brutal realism. After doing some commercial films, he directed *Los Olvidados* ("The Forgotten Ones"), the powerful and terrible portrait of juvenile delinquents in the slums of Mexico City in 1950. It won two prizes at the Cannes Film Festival and some Mexicans demanded Buñuel's expulsion from Mexico because of the alleged wrong done to Mexico in the eyes of the world.

Buñuel said the actor, Jorge Negrete, had told him that if he had been in Mexico at the time it was released, he would have prevented it from being shown.

Buñuel's son, an assistant film director and sculptor, had his own story of Mexican sensitivities and censorship. A few years ago, he was working with Orson Welles on a film about Don Quixote in which some children were supposed to run barefoot through one scene. The censor insisted that shoes be put on the children because "it wouldn't look right to show Mexican children without shoes." Protests that, after all, these were supposed to be Spanish children of the 17th century did no good. The censor's ruling stood.

"There is an official committee of the government," Buñuel said, "that has a vague censorship code. They're afraid of religious themes because all Mexicans are Catholics. They're afraid of protests from the Catholic masses. They're afraid to make allusions to the United States and France.

"The cinema," Buñuel went on, "is a beast, savage, but it is domesticated by governments. Every country in the world is careful about their films. Each country wants to conserve what it has and to hide the truth from the masses. Either Russia or France or America. They're the best of worlds. The family is perfect. The army is necessary to defend our sacred country. The men who make the pictures are merciless, they have to agree with the government.

"For instance, *Potemkin* was forbidden in Europe. We went to see it secretly in Paris in 1926. It was like a meeting. Let's go to revolution! Now everybody sees *Potemkin*. In all the contests *Potemkin* is first. For me, no. I prefer *Dead of Night* or, you are going to be astonished, *Portrait of Jennie*. I like the mystery. I don't like them to explain the mystery. Recently I saw *Paths of Glory*. It is one of the ten best of the world."

Returning to the subject of censorship, Buñuel said that it is a problem everywhere in the world "except in Belgium. Unless there is a scandal in the theatre there and you don't violate the law, you can make anything. In France, the censorship is better but they are very strict on political questions. I am against censorship. If the censors say something is bad, for me it is good, *a priori*."

But most censorship is silly, he noted, because they "see only what is obvious. You can say many things in subterranean ways. I have made thirty pictures and never been cut. In England, I got a classification C but I was not forbidden. Only one county in England banned *Viridiana*. *The Young One* is forbidden in India, Burma and Indonesia. It's absurd because there's nothing to it."

Buñuel's feelings about censorship were reinforced by his experience with *Viridiana* when he returned to Spain in 1961, for the first time since the Civil War. He had declined earlier approaches from the Franco government to return. But this time a Mexican producer who had assured him complete freedom in the making

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of a film had, unknown to Buñuel, finished financial arrangements for it to be made in Spain. Buñuel, who longed to return to his native land and see his mother and family, accepted, but he was determined to avoid all publicity and not to water down his film. He submitted the script he had written to the Spanish censors, who only wanted the ending altered. So Buñuel changed it from an acceptable to a truly devastating conclusion. (The censor was fired later.) The evolution of his freest film since *L'Age d'Or* also reflected the change in Buñuel: "Once upon a time when I was offered the consecrated wafer I would spit on it; now I simply say, 'I couldn't care less.' "

Viridiana is Buñuel's most powerful and disturbing argument against the self-deception and harm done by those who are driven toward sanctity and "purity." It stands for the unsentimental understanding and acceptance of all that life offers, whether it be lust or honest recognition of the monsters that society has made of men.

DEVELOPED FROM AN IMAGE Buñuel had of a young woman drugged by an older man, *Viridiana* is the story of a beautiful young novice. The Mother Superior suggests that she see her uncle before taking her final vows. Filled with foreboding, yet compliant, she travels to the estate where her uncle lives with his maid and her daughter. The uncle, whose wife had died on her wedding night before the marriage was consummated, has remained faithful to his marriage vows but becomes aroused by trying on his wife's wedding garments. Viridiana arrives with all her religious paraphernalia – a heavy cross, a stone, a hammer, nails, and a crown of thorns – but she is uneasy because everything on the farm conspires to remind her that she is a woman. The uncle tries to convince her to stay with him, but she refuses. Then he asks her to try on his wife's wedding gown, drugs her with the assistance of the servant, and carries Viridiana to his bed. Although he restrains himself from raping her, he implies his knowledge of her to keep her from leaving.

Fearful and shattered, the young girl runs off, but as she is about to board a bus, the authorities tell her that her uncle has committed suicide. Convinced that she has been corrupted, but determined to live as a good Christian nonetheless, she returns to run the estate with her uncle's illegitimate son, Jorge, who goes about the business of administering the farm and curiously looks on as Viridiana gathers up beggars and cripples, a leper and a blind man to live there also. They humor her because they think she is crazy. In a shocking scene, they stage a macabre orgy which comes to a climax when one woman poses them behind the table and they fall drunkenly into the positions of "The Last Supper" as Mozart's *Requiem* plays on.

Viridiana returns to this vast shambles and is attacked and nearly raped when she is saved by Jorge. Now completely lost, but violently wrenched back into life, the final scene shows Viridiana seeking out Jorge and the maid. The three of them play a game of cards together with rock and roll music in the background as Jorge says, "I knew that one day we would all play a little game together." (The original ending had Viridiana going to Jorge's room while the maid peered through the keyhole.)

When the film burst like a bombshell at the Cannes Film Festival, a Dominican priest wrote to *L'Observatore Romano* that it was incredible for the festival to show such a sacrilege against religion. Franco promptly prohibited it from being shown in Spain, although it was a Spanish entry.

"I don't think it is a sacrilege," said Buñuel, "and there are some young Dominican priests who liked it."

"If it had not been for the war in Spain," Buñuel told me, "I would have been in France which is my second country. Now if I were younger, I would live in Spain and work in France."

Live in Spain under Franco?

"No," he said unhappily, "one cannot live there. I like the Spanish people and landscape very much, but I am much better in France or Mexico. I am very free and well in Mexico and am now a citizen. My mother, who is 82 still lives in Saragossa, and my brother and three sisters are in Spain. I'm very pessimistic about Spain. With the help of the Americans, Franco is very strong and if he died they are prepared to make something like Franco. Spain is not alone in the world, she depends on the world. If America stopped giving aid, the position would be different. But Franco is a very clever man. And good or bad, he's there, he's a reality. I am no more with the Republicans. I don't see any of them here ever. They are waiting for the death of Franco. They say he has diabetes or they say he has cancer. But no. *They* are the corpses."

Buñuel said the only film of his which has ever been shown in Spain was *Robinson Crusoe*, made in Mexico

The Anchorites revisite Luis Buñu on location directi *Simon of the Dese*

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in 1953. "Not even *Nazarin* has been shown, which I think is a very Christian picture, with my own ideas, of course.

"In general, I don't very much like my pictures, but *Nazarin* I think is not bad. This type of man, Nazarin, is very extraordinary. There is generosity and goodness in the man. The film shows that a true Christian – even if he is obedient and humble – cannot live in this society because the church won't have it."

Nazarin, made in Mexico in 1958 and shown in France and Italy, but not the United States, is about a priest who is compromised because he has given aid to a prostitute and is threatened with arrest for a murder committed in legitimate self-defense. He takes to the road after giving up his ecclesiastical garb, but is followed by the women who want him to "perform a miracle" and cure a sick child. "You too, witless woman," Nazarin declares, "what do you take me for, an imposter? Do you think I try to make fools of people? Let no one say another word to me about miracles or I'll think you are making fun of me." When the child recovers, the women follow Nazarin who tries to discourage them by saying: "If you wish to do penance, do it by yourselves. Let each one stay with his own conscience and in his own solitude." When he finally agrees to let them follow him, he extracts a pledge from them "to conduct yourselves decently, to be obedient, and above all to leave me in peace."

Kyro comments: ("Nazarin . . . is simple and direct. He has faith. He believes, he accepts literally what the holy books tell him; he pushes his own desire to be a saintly man to the limit. For this he is attacked from all sides and ends by losing his faith. He becomes a man when he discovers that to practice religion entails only misfortune, that it aggravates suffering – when in a word, he discovers that one can and should substitute solidarity for charity.")

BUÑUEL'S PREOCCUPATION with solitude, beautifully visualized in *Robinson Crusoe* may find its ultimate expression in *Simon of the Desert*, a film that he has thought of making for 20 years.

"I was interested in the *anacoreta*." He sent his son to the dictionary to look up the English definition for "anchorites" and listened intently. "*Tiens!*" he exclaimed as if he were hearing it all for the first time.

Jacques Lacarriere points out in *Men Possessed by God*, "That the word derives from the Greek *anachoresis*, meaning 'departure.' It signifies avoidance of the world, renunciation of the society of men and the adoption of a life of solitude. It is first and foremost a social–or, rather, antisocial–attitude, which only later assumes religious meaning. The anchorite is primarily a man who shuns the world for one of many different reasons. Hundreds of peasants, slaves and thieves, in Graeco-Roman Egypt, fled to the deserts in order to escape payment of taxes, to be free of their master or to avoid legal action. They became anchorites, they went 'underground.' Two centuries later, thousands of Christians did likewise, fleeing from the towns to escape persecution. When, from the fourth century onward, other Christians thought of withdrawing to the desert so as to live a life of asceticism and meditation, they were naturally referred to as anchorites; and the term has never quite lost its original sense of 'rebel' or 'recalcitrant person.' The anchorite certainly flees to the desert to escape from the temporal community to which he belongs . . . holds aloof from his contemporaries and rebels against his own century only to join the ideal, timeless community of Christians from all ages. And so this essentially antisocial attitude, which consists of breaking with actual, living society, paradoxically enough ends by creating a new society on the fringe of the old. . . ."

Buñuel said, "I was interested in the men like St. Anthony who used to live in a cavern alone, taking only roots of plants. St. Simeon lived for 30 years in a little tunic on his column, the first of the stylites who appeared in Syria, Palestine and even in Russia, until the 14th century.

"They had great influence," Buñuel laughed. "They were more famous than Brigitte today. Emperors consulted them until the church went against them. They would say this man who is isolated from other men is proud and it should not be the way of a religious man."

"I am an anchorite now," Buñuel continued. "I live a life, very isolated. I never go to parties, theatres, pictures. By extension I can say I'm an anchorite, an anchorite who takes a light Martini and likes a good table.

"My film will be very strange. The whole thing happens on top of the column and around the column. Claudio Brook, who played the preacher in *The Young One*, is Simon. Imagine a man who can live for thirty years on top of a column, imagine his strength of spirit, his mind. The real St. Simeon took just leaves of lettuce and water. The interior life must have been extraordinary, like a flame."

Then, quite matter-of-factly, he added, "I don't think it was of any use, but it's extraordinary to have the force, the spirit of mind, the strength to do that.

"It will be a poetic picture. Like when you make a verse. A person who sees this will see the geography of an anchorite, uniting the documentary with the subjective along with the humor and outlook of the man.

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There will be no effect except poetic. There is a miracle. The devil comes to tempt him. But it is not a didactic picture. I like it better than *Los Olvidados*. It's realism mixed with foolish imagination. It's an experience in my life. Some people will be scandalized. I like it and I don't care about its effect on people. I am sincere with myself and that's all. It's something that I feel, not very profoundly. I don't care about its commercial effect. I know beforehand that people in general are not prepared for my pictures. It's not their fault; they like to go to frivolous pictures."

"One evolves," said Buñuel, "I don't know what I am going to do now. I am rather isolated in living. I have more resources in the imagination than in reality. Perhaps that's not good; it's very bad for a man to cut himself off from life. The most efficient way is to act."

Once Buñuel, in a magnificent speech on poetry and the cinema, declared ". . . the white eye of the screen need only reflect the light that is properly its own to blow up the universe. . . . In the hands of a free spirit, the cinema is a magnificent and dangerous weapon. It is the superlative medium through which to express the world of thought, feeling and instinct."

But today: "I have not the youthful enthusiasm I had some years ago. I want to stop making pictures. I want to select easier ones. After I make a picture, I like to read a little. But I read as little as possible. Or think, about nothing important." He smiled at me. "I am a great worker in *ociosidad* – loafing."

THE INTERVIEW WAS OVER, abruptly. He would be happy to see me at the studio to give me some photos when he had re-takes to shoot, but he really didn't want to answer any more questions. He said it apologetically and kindly.

I arrived at the studio as they were completing work on the last day of the year. The crew members swarmed around Buñuel, hugging him, embracing him on both cheeks, wishing him "*feliz navidad*, Luis!" The warmth was infectious.

Buñuel offered to give me a lift back into town. He seemed dissatisfied and restless, talking to himself as much as to me.

"If it's good, it's good. If it's not any good, it's not any good. I don't care any more. I need six days of retakes and I'm only doing three. We've been shooting against the sky all the time, and sometimes we see it's blue and sometimes grey and sometimes black. If you do a simple picture in Mexico, it's all right, but for anything with the slightest complication, it's the worst country to make films. The cameras and the dollies are the poorest. In America or France, it would be simple. I'm going to see the producer now and tell him that I don't want to make any more films."

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The Shame of The Cities

When Lincoln Steffens, over sixty years ago, wrote his famous series, "The Shame of the Cities," he was muckraking, but muckraking with a moral indignation aroused by conditions in turn-of-the-century American cities. His purpose was to wake people to the unwelcome duties of citizenship rather than remain indifferent, or even share in the profits of corruption. Ramparts will in this and subsequent issues retrace Steffens' theme . . . but not his path. We will study the shame of America in microcosm, in its small towns where we will isolate, dissect and hold open for examination the strains of hate, prejudice and ignorance that corrupt virtually every segment of our society. Families starve, Negroes are murdered, and reputations can be brazenly destroyed by extremists — this is shocking. But what is more shocking is that the people, the citizens of the cities where such things happen, know this, accept it—and do nothing about it ■

photographs by Michael Alexander

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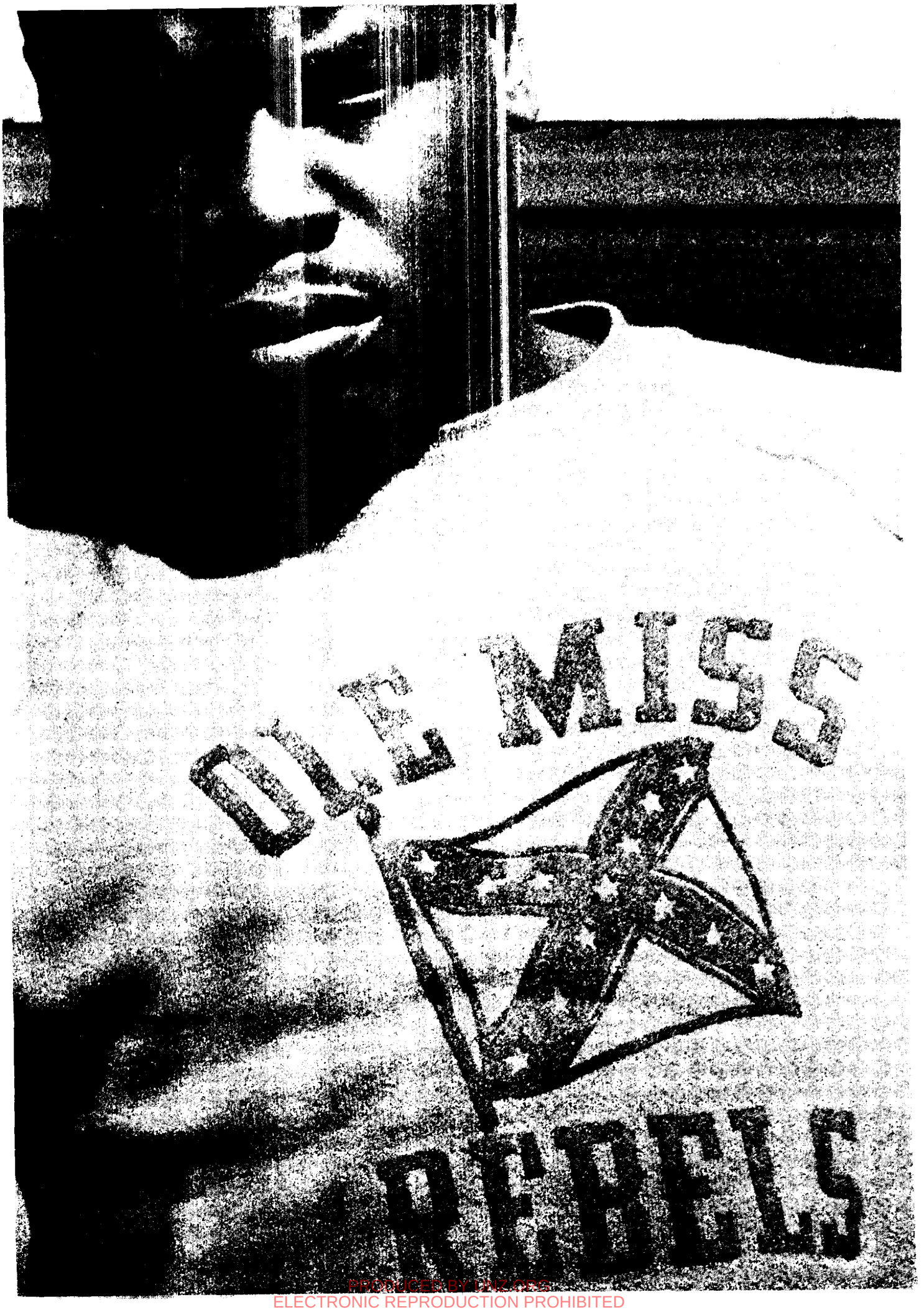

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McCOMB/MISSISSIPPI

Vignettes by John Beecher

1. THE COLONEL'S ISSUE

SISTER CELESTINE McCOMB ASHLEY is the great-granddaughter of Colonel H. S. McComb, railroad president and founder of the Mississippi town which bears his name. Now in her sixties, Sister Celestine has never voted in an election, nor had her picture in *The Enterprise Journal*, nor received any other honor due her lineage. This is because her great-grandmother was one of the illustrious Colonel's black concubines.

At the Ark of Safety Missionary Baptist Church in Algiers, a Negro suburb of McComb, where her husband, the Reverend Thomas Ashley, is pastor, Sister Celestine conducts the Sunday School and leads a gospel-singing group comprised of herself, her daughter, Mrs. Lanell Barnes, and three granddaughters, Almalean, Sue Ann, and Tempie. Though only four years old, huge-eyed and with red bows on her pigtails, Tempie leads such spirituals as *Show Some Sign* and *God Don't Want No Coward Soldiers*. Afterwards Sister Celestine's tremendous solo, *I Got Jesus and That's Enough*, gets everybody to clapping and stomping in the squat little edifice crouched under a red clay hill . . .

"*Oh, there's so many times I didn't have a dime.*

"*Didn't tell nobody but the Lawd.*"

Her daughter, Lanell, plays a driving piano accompaniment. Sister Celestine can preach as powerfully as she can sing.

"Since you people know right so well and have came so far to McComb City and let Mayor Burt and Sheriff Warren and Chief Guy know that God doesn't have no respect of persons, that He said from one blood all nations came forth and if He love the white folks He love us too and He don't care no more 'bout one color than He do the other, and since God is fightin' our battles we ain't got nothin' to do but just go and do what we are asked to do through you all and the COFO, and God will be our leanin' post. We might be buffed about and He was. He said if they done that to the green tree you know they goan' do that to us.

"The lesson is this mawnin' 'On the Behalf of a Slave.' We been a slave, I been a slave ever since I been here, Brother and Sister Beecher, but Jesus has a time fixed when we won't have to slave for the other race of people. Jesus said for both of us to work together in unity and in integration. We are already integrated in the kitchen. We can go in there and cook the best meals . . ."

"Amen!" a voice rings out.

". . . make up that bed . . ."

"Amen!"

". . . and we raise the chil'ren . . ."

"Amen!"

"I raised some of the lovelies' white chil'ren they was in McComb City and they loved me better than they did their mother for when she would come in he wouldn't go to her. He still put his little arms aroun' my neck and clings to me and I just wonder today why we can't go in the school house or sit down on the pews. If we are integrated in the kitchen and with the chil'ren what about in the churches and the schools? When it's to come in there and sit down and take a part they think it's a disgrace. But Jesus don't have in His mind like that. God said there's nothin' too hard for Him and He never fails. All we got to do is know *we* are right and go ahead on and He'll fight our battles."

On the hill above the Ark of Safety Church is the eight-room house, largest in Algiers, where Thomas and Celestine Ashley raised their nine children. It is empty now except for themselves, gaunt, sagging, needing paint. A half block away lives the one child still in McComb, Lanell, with her brood including the little girl singers. The other eight Ashley children are all up North, in Chicago and Milwaukee. The Ashleys can't even count their grandchildren up there, and now great-grandchildren are beginning to arrive. Colonel McComb has been blessed with abundant issue.

JOHN BEECHER, *a poet, teaches at the University of Santa Clara. He is author of* Magnolia Ghetto *and other RAMPARTS articles.*

Lee prayed for strength not to angering a policeman.

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2. THE PRICE OF COTTON

WHEN THE COFO Freedom House was bombed last July, *The Enterprise-Journal* went to the trouble of ferreting out the owner and reported the house to be the property of a certain Willie Mae Cotton, Negro, who had leased it to the outside agitators. Elwin Burt, brother of McComb's Mayor Gordon Burt, and proprietor of the Burt Plumbing Company, called John T. Cotton, one of his Negro employees, into the office. Cotton had started to work for Burt as a plumber's helper when he was 19. Now 41, Cotton was still classed as a plumber's helper although he actually performed the work of a plumber. (No Negro is eligible to become a licensed plumber in the State of Mississippi, although there is nothing to prevent a white man from working him as one, and paying him a small fraction of a plumber's wages.) Instead of $4 an hour Cotton got 67¢. He was classified as a "salaried" employee, received a week's paid vacation each year, and drew $40 every Saturday evening for a work-week of six ten-hour days.

"This Willie Mae Cotton, who rented her house to those COFO troublemakers, and got it blown up like she deserved, she your wife or your sister?" Burt asked Cotton.

"She ain't neither one, Mr. Elwin," Cotton answered

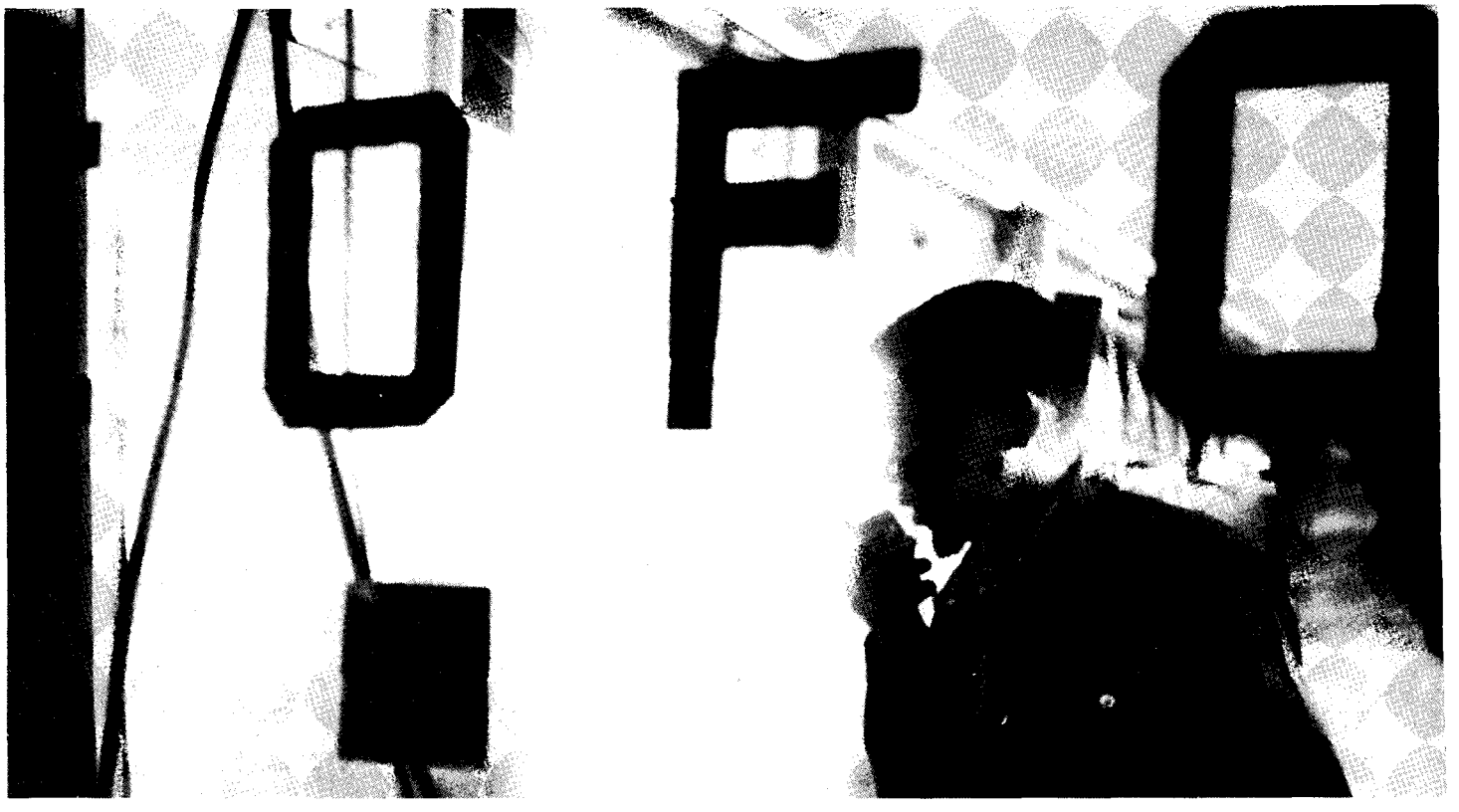
"Don't give me that crap, John. She must be some kind of kin to you."

"Nawsuh, Mr. Elwin, she no kin of mine."

"Well, you better start on your vacation tomorrow," Burt said.

When John T. Cotton returned from his week's vacation, Burt gave him his time. "Since they done passed that Civil Rights Act you niggers are gittin' out of hand. We don't have anything left for you to do here, John. Maybe President Johnson and them will take care of you now."

After 22 years of service, Cotton was fired without cause. "He ruint the best years of his life crawling under a devilish house," his wife says bitterly. Cotton's former employer was one of the 650 "good white people" who some months later, after the wave of terror-bombing and church-burnings had spent itself, put their name to a statement calling for "law and order" and racial reconciliation. This statement got a lot of attention around the country. Some commentators went so far as to assert that it heralded the dawn of a new era in Mississippi. But John T. Cotton knew different.



Outside COFO headquarters a freedom worker keeps in touch with friends via a hand microphone.

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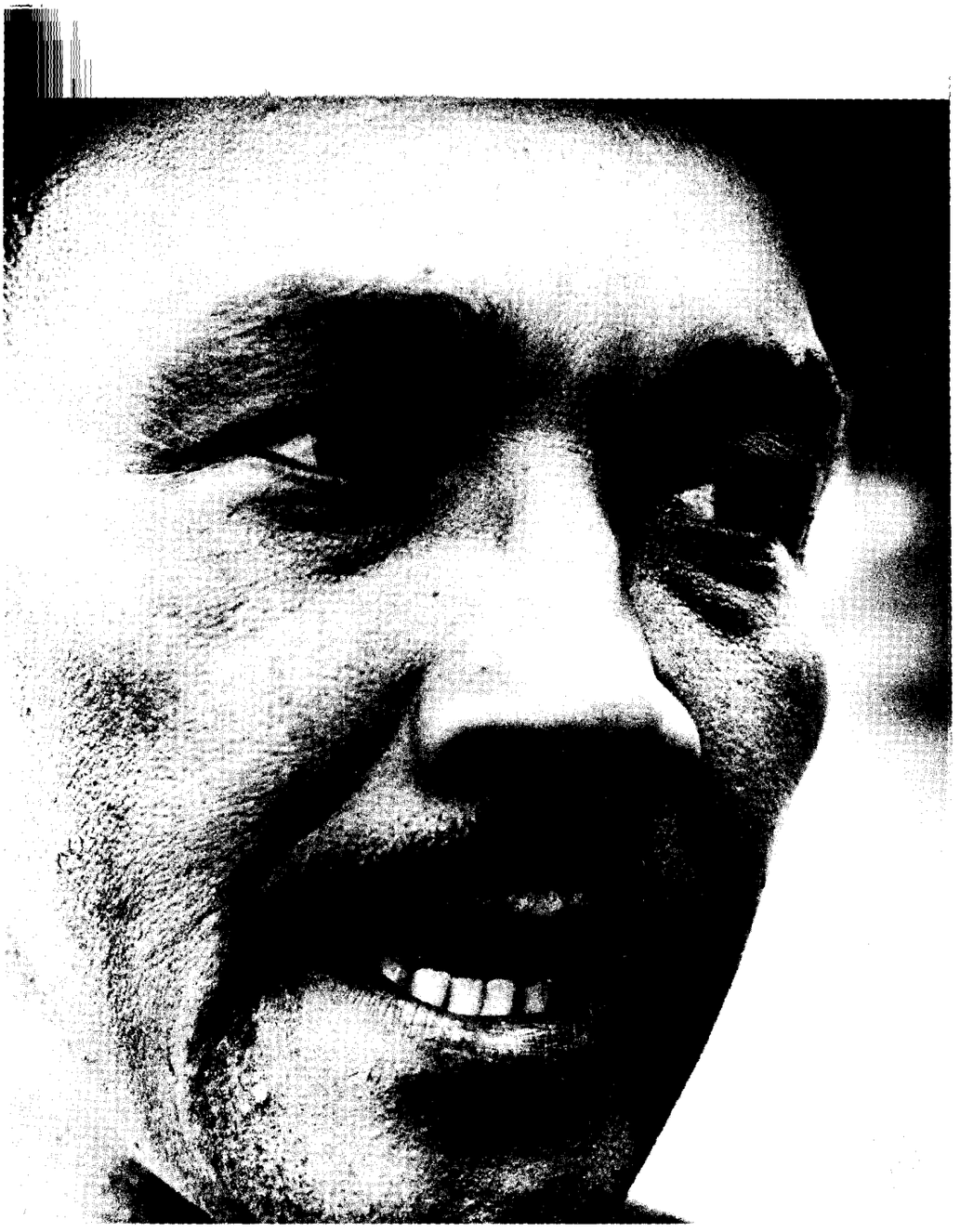

Fred Bates protested . . . and his home was bombed.

3. UPPITY

"A hundred miles from Jackson to McComb,
Further'n that to my good girl's home,
Goan' move to Kansas City . . ."

SO GOES AN OLD BLUES in Babe Stovall's repertory. Before he left for New Orleans and became a noted French Quarter troubadour, this guitar-picking singer of Negro country blues share-cropped near Tylertown just east of McComb. Babe's "Goan' move to Kansas City" reflects an exodus. There were fewer people in this part of Mississippi in 1960 than there were in 1910. And still the Negroes "leave out" for the promised land. If anybody should ask you, "What are Mississippi's largest cities?" the right answer is "Chicago, Los Angeles, New Orleans, and Jackson."

Fred Bates' house was the first in McComb to be bombed in the terrible summer of 1964. He was reputed to be "uppity." "Downtown," the succinct Negro word for the white power structure of McComb, had had it in for Fred Bates ever since 1961. In that year Brenda Travis, aged 16, sat in at the segregated Greyhound bus station. The bus station was still segregated when I visited it three years later. Accommodations were not merely separate but far from equal—the white side airy,

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spacious and modern in furnishings, the Negro side cramped, dingy, with a few beat-up chairs and lunch counter stools. For her contumacy in sitting on the white side, Brenda was sentenced to a year in the Oakland Training School, Mississippi state reformatory for girls.

Bates is an important figure in Burglundtown, the main Negro section of McComb. He owns a nice home, the Standard Oil station for colored and an adjoining cafe, all on Summit, the Negro main stem. In 1961 Bates also owned and operated the school bus of the all-black Burglund High School, where Brenda had been a student before her commitment. There was a lot of sympathy for Brenda at Burglund High, even among those who hadn't the courage to join her protests. Brenda's entire junior class asked Bates to drive them in the school bus to visit her at Oakland on a weekend, a 450-mile round-trip.

Soon after his return from Oakland, Bates was denied a renewal of his annual bus license. Officials told him it was because he had driven Brenda's classmate to Oakland in the bus. He parked it in front of his service station and hung a big sign on the side, "SCHOOL BUS FOR SALE. THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY BUT THEY WON'T SELL ME A LICENSE."

This "getting smart" made Bates the Number One target when "Downtown" decided the Negro community needed a liberal dose of dynamite to bring it in line and halt the agitation over civil rights. After the bombing of his house, which happened not to kill any of the family, Bates sent his wife and children to Mississippi's second largest city—Los Angeles.

Smog, Proposition 14, Cardinal McIntyre, freeway traffic jams and other Los Angeles blemishes don't bother the Bates family one bit. "L. A. is paradise," Fred says firmly. And you can't argue him out of that opinion. In fact, he plans to join them in California. His gas station, his cafe, and his home on Summit are all up for sale. If you'd like to go into business in McComb, Fred Bates will give you a bargain. [

4. NAMES, DATES AND PLACES

Wilbert Lewis was grinding valves on a Rambler when the proprietor's son-in-law, Al Sibley, came in the shop of the Mathews Motor Company on Pearl River Avenue and said a man out front had a friend with car trouble. Lewis grabbed a pair of pliers and a screwdriver and got in the car with a strange white man at the wheel.

Two or three miles out of town, on a side road, they came to a dirty 1950 Plymouth in the middle of a wooded area. A man had his head under the raised hood, so Lewis couldn't see his face. When Lewis went over, the man straightened up and put a pistol to his head. He was wearing a black hood. Four others in black hoods came out of the woods.

They made Lewis lie down on the floor in the back of the Plymouth and drove about half an hour, until they were in the middle of Holmesville swamp along the Bogue Chitto. They dragged Lewis out of the car and set him down by a tree in the swamp. All they wanted to do was ask him some questions, they said. First they laid out on the ground three objects for his inspection, a grass rope ending in a hangman's noose, a blackjack, and a cat o' nine tails whip. Then they stood him up and tied him to the tree. To put him in the proper mood for answering questions, they dropped his pants and shorts. As the cat o' nine tails wrapped its thongs around him, Lewis screamed.

"Nigger, you holler one more time and we gon'ta leave your brains scattered beside this tree."

Lewis dug his teeth into his arm and kept silent while the whistling thongs scored his flesh again and again. Each of the five hooded men gave him five licks. When they finished, Lewis felt the blood trickling down his legs.

"What we want is names, dates, and places," said the leader of the hooded men. "You're that big nigger preacher Dickey's son-in-law. You know ever'thing that's goin' on, and we aim to whup your black ass till you give us a complete report on all this freedom business. Start talkin'."

They had caught the wrong man. True enough, Wilbert Lewis was married to the Reverend Sylvester Dickey's daughter, but Dickey was no civil rights proponent. In fact, Negroes said Dickey was an Uncle Tom who ran downtown and spilled his guts to Mr. Charley every time he learned some little thing about the movement. This was his way of soliciting white contributions for the new church he was building. Consequently people took care to keep Dickey as much in the dark as they could.

"Honest to God, white folks," Lewis told the hooded men, "I don't know nothin' about no civil rights business. I stays away from all that agitation. Rev. Dickey he circ'latin' a petition aroun' gittin' cullud peoples to sign that they wants them COFO workers to clear out of town and leave us be."

A sawed-off shotgun dug into Lewis' side.

"Don't say 'colored folks.' You say 'niggers' when you talkin' to us. And don't hand us that stuff about how you don't know nothin'. Give us names, dates, and

Alma Jackson figures the FBI do

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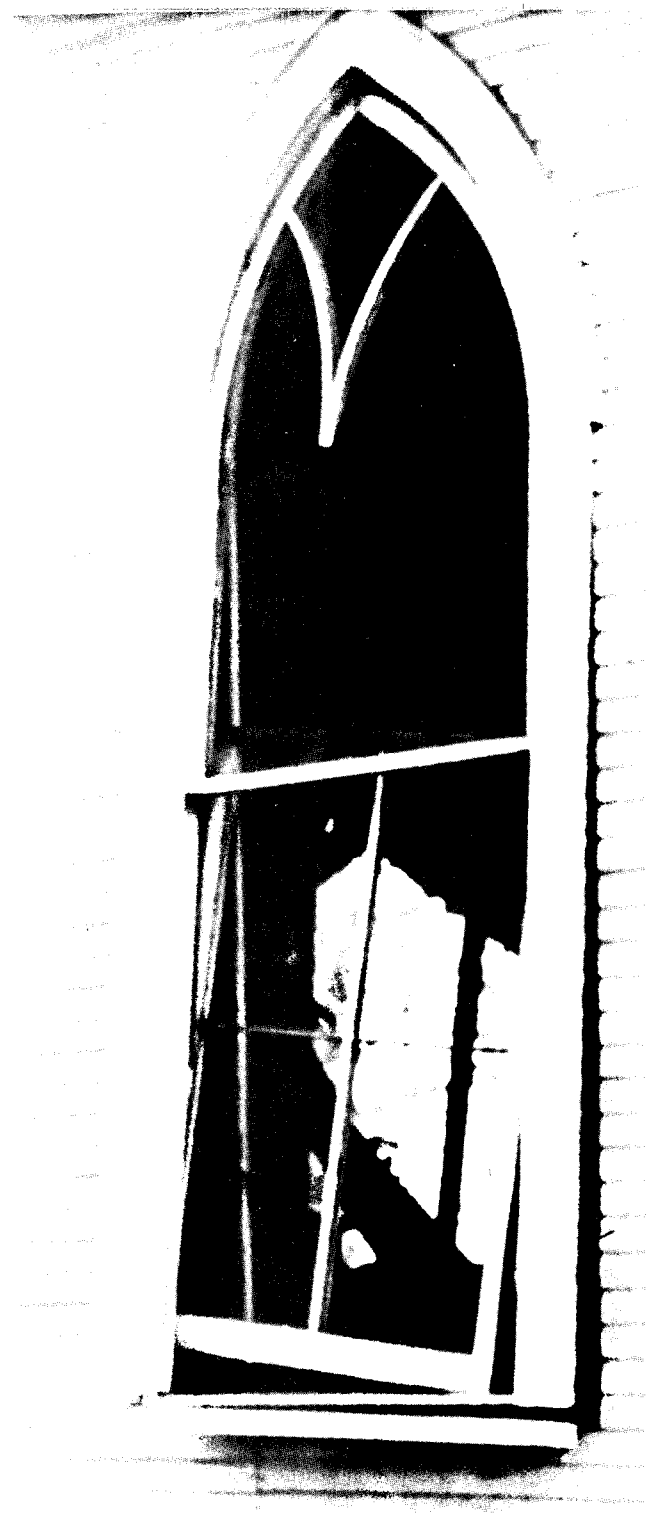

places 'lessen you want us to beat your God damn black butt plumb off you and then string you up to this cypress tree for buzzard meat."

The hooded men took turns flogging Lewis until they were worn out. At last they cut him loose and smashed him about the head with the blackjack.

"Nigger, see can you run."

Lewis scrambled away from them through the brush and fell, half-conscious, with his wrists in a creek that ran through the swamp. The cold water revived him some and he staggered out to the road. He started toward McComb when an old pickup came by with a Negro driving. The Negro stopped and recognized the bloody, bedraggled figure as Lewis.

"Son, you headed in the wrong direction," the driver said gently and motioned him in. Lewis got in and collapsed. Next day the FBI took pictures of Lewis' lacerated back and buttocks. That was eight months ago. He kept going back to the office for a while to see if the FBI had found out anything but they always told him no, they were still investigating. □

5. GIVE ME LIBERTY

LIBERTY, THE COUNTY SEAT of Amite County, is just west of McComb. Liberty is where Herbert Lee, a 52-year-old Negro landowner, was murdered in 1961 for seeking to register to vote in the county where he had lived all his life. He had carried a load of cotton to the gin and was sitting at the wheel of his truck when Mr. E. H. Hurst, a big white farmer and member of the Mississippi State Legislature at that time, walked up, put a pistol to his head, and shot him dead. Although a great many people witnessed the deed, including a number of Negroes, nobody could be found to testify against Mr. Hurst. The coroner's jury ruled the killing to be "justifiable homicide."

Later, after the FBI opened up an office for Southwest Mississippi, one of the witnesses to Lee's murder, a Liberty Negro named Lewis Allen, found the courage to tell the FBI what he knew. Although information given the FBI is supposedly secret, this is not the case in Southwest Mississippi. It soon leaked back to Liberty that Allen had filed an affidavit with the FBI accusing Representative Hurst of the murder. One morning shortly thereafter Allen was found lying in his driveway. His head had been blown off by a sawed-off shotgun. According to the sheriff and the FBI, Allen met his death at the hands of "parties unknown."

Alma Jackson owns a six-room house in Liberty. It has a bathroom and sinks in the kitchen. Although formerly married, Mrs. Jackson is now, as she puts it, "a

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single lady with no husban' to he'p support eight head of chil'ren." Altogether she brought ten "head" into the world, but two grown sons have left to raise families of their own. Mrs. Jackson and the eight remaining children, aged 5 to 18, raised cotton and corn on a little farm she inherited from her grandfather out a few miles from Liberty. They also picked cotton up in the Delta every year. They saved enough this way to finish paying out the house and make it comfortable. Nobody had to sleep on a cornshuck mattress or a pallet on the floor.

To make ends meet, Mrs. Jackson also worked in a little store run by an old white man in the colored section of town. He was a foreigner—a Yankee—and suffered from cataracts on both eyes. He had two little white boys who had been working for him and who had taken advantage of his failing eyesight to rob him. He fired them to make room for Mrs. Jackson, and the boys' father was very angry at all this.

A little later a white woman came around to apply for Mrs. Jackson's job, but the old Yankee refused to get rid of Mrs. Jackson. Word began to travel around Liberty that there was something besides business between the old Yankee and Mrs. Jackson. Though a mother of ten and grandmother of six already, she is only 39. Her first child was born when she was 13. She is still attractive, with deep soft eyes, expressive face, and youthful body. The word was spread in Liberty that Mrs. Jackson called the old white man her "husband."

Mrs. Jackson got threatening and obscene phone calls. One night she was wakened by a garish light; it was a cross burning on her lawn. Frightened, she quit her job in the old Yankee's store, and went to work at the box factory over in Fernwood. She stayed with a grown son in nearby McComb, coming home to Liberty on weekends to visit her children.

One Saturday night when Mrs. Jackson was home for the weekend two cars pulled into her yard. A bunch of white men piled out of them.

"Alma, come on out here. We want to talk with you."

They stormed up on the porch and snatched the screen door loose from the hook. Carrying shotguns, rifles, pistols, and nightsticks, they dragged her out while her children screamed. They put a black mask over her face and made her lie on the floor of one of the cars. They drove off cursing and reviling her and threatened to get her sister and a neighbor named Geneva. (None of the three women had ever been involved in civil rights activity.)

Way out in the wods the cars stopped. The men took Mrs. Jackson and stripped off the house-coat she had round her shoulders. Underneath she had on a blouse, pedal pushers and bedroom slippers. They threw he down on the ground and a man put his foot on he head. Then they started to flog her with a heavy strap One of the men said, "I want to git at the nekkid meat He took a switchblade knife and ripped out the sea of her pedal pushers. The knife cut through into he flesh. (She showed me the pedal pushers that had a bi jagged flap cut out of the back. They were cruste with blood.)

After the flogging, the men drove away and Mr Jackson staggered to a Negro house down the road. man drove her home. That very night she packed up few things, crowded all eight of her children into he car, and left Liberty for her son's place in McComl "I haven't even been back there to look around and se what was going wrong with my house," she says. Be cause the house was vacant, the insurance compan canceled the coverage. Should it burn—or be burned the fruit of the years Mrs. Jackson and her childre slaved in Delta cotton fields will go up in smoke.

The day after Mrs. Jackson left, Geneva, the neigh bor whom the men had threatened, left also. Her hom is likewise empty and unprotected. A couple of day after Mrs. Jackson's departure, her sister received telephone call. "You know what happened to Alm Same thing going to happen to you if you be ther when daylight come." She packed a suitcase and g out, leaving her home and everything she had in th world.

Mrs. Jackson tells of other Negroes forced to leav Liberty in 1964. "Lucius Woodward, the best mechani in town, was fired from where he'd worked thirty yea to make room for a white man. He had to come t McComb to find him a job. Cullud fellow had th onlies' shoe shop in Liberty, they tole him to git ou He was a preacher too. Went to Louziana. Anothe cullud fellow worked in the pressin' shop. Made hi leave out so a white man could git his job. He'd worke there twelve years. Seems like they's running out ev' cullud person what's got a job in Liberty lessen it fiel' hand work or cookin' for some big white family

The FBI learned of Alma Jackson's flogging the nigh it occurred last May when her oldest son reported i She herself has also sworn out an affidavit. "We knowe who a couple of the white mens was. I guess the FE jus' don't take an interest in how they does us Negroe here in Mississippi."

Alma Jackson now lives in a dilapidated house i McComb right behind Society Hill Baptist Churc The night the church was bombed and totally de stroyed, her home escaped with a few shattered win dows. But she and her family were terrified. The couldn't help thinking the dynamite had been intende for them. "I'm livin' like somebody throwed awa here in McComb," she says.

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'in and the author getting a hate stare.

6. MAMA QUIN

When Alyene Quin started serving the COFO freedom workers in her South of the Border :afe, the white owner of the building came and told ıer, "You've really got things in a mess."

Mama Quin, as the freedom workers call her affec-ionately, looked around. The cafe was about as usual. 'I don't see any mess," she told the owner.

"I mean about those people," he said. "You're serving vhite and colored in here. You can't do such as that. When you're in Rome you got to do like the Romans."

"I'm not in Rome, I'm in McComb," Mama Quin said.

After that Mama Quin's home was bombed. Her two 'oungest, Jackie and Anthony, were almost killed. The 'oof collapsed around their bed like a tent. A lot of 'oung Negroes congregated at the scene, and since it vas the sixteenth bombing to occur in a summer series vhich also included ten churches burned to the ground, hey were incensed. When the police arrived some 'ocks flew. Chief Guy claimed he got hit on the ankle.)ne of the auxiliary policemen there later confessed hat he had bombed the house. He had rushed home, :hanged into his uniform, and returned in the guise)f a guardian of law and order. (The auxiliary was the ;ame one who at the scene of a previous bombing had threatened to blow Roy Lee's brains out. Roy, who is ıbout six feet four and weighs 265 pounds, was down)n his knees praying for strength to keep from attack-ng the white people. This was enough to provoke any)oliceman.)

Shortly thereafter, Mama Quin was evicted from her cafe, the white owner figuring it was next on the list to be bombed. She took over Fred Bates' cafe further up the street and went on serving the freedom workers, white and black, as before. She was one of the three mothers who went to Washington and told President Johnson to his face about conditions in McComb.

When she got back, the police raided her cafe. Some-one had planted a half-pint of whiskey in the pocket of an old coat hanging from a nail in the men's rest room, but Mama Quin was selling only beer in her new place although she used to sell whiskey in her old cafe. Whiskey is so illegal in Mississippi that the state collects a tax on bootleg and the distribution monopoly is in the hands of the county sheriffs. Mama Quin used to get her supply from the appropriate source, who put a special mark on the bottle top so he could check up on whether she was selling anybody else's whiskey. Every week she paid her "license" fees. Now and then she would be hauled in and made to pay a fine as part of the game. This was the basis for Governor Paul Johnson of Mississippi saying that Mama Quin had "a record as long as the I.C. Railroad," which runs from Chicago to New Orleans.

After the last raid Mama Quin paid a heavy fine for the planted bottle. Sheriff Warren also revoked her beer-selling license. This is equivalent to a death sentence for her cafe. The Negroes tried a beer boycott to get Mama Quin's license restored. It lasted two hours, which is quite a while to go without a drink if you are a Negro and have to live in McComb. □

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BOOKS

"Qué Hombre!"

Teilhard de Chardin: PILGRIM OF THE FUTURE. Edited by Neville Braybrooke. New York: The Seabury Press (1964). 128 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by KURT REINHARDT, *Professor Emeritus at Stanford University and author of several books.*

SIR JAMES JEANS, the great mathematician and astronomer, stated in one of his more gloomy moods that man had tumbled into a universe not intended for him; that he was clinging to a fragment of a grain of sand until the chill of death would return him to prime matter; that all human aspirations were doomed to ultimate failure, destined to perish with the human race; that the universe is indifferent or even hostile to life. It was the ultimate aim of Pierre Teilhard de Chardin's life and work to counteract and disprove this thesis of man's irretrievable "thrownness" into a universe that knows him not and therefore totally disowns him.

The most astounding feature in the physiognomy of Teilhard, the French Jesuit paleontologist-metaphysician, is the almost incredible optimism which permeates his synthetic and microcosmic and macrocosmic view of man's ineluctible insertion in the ultimately happy ending of a tremendous odyssey, extending from the barysphere through litosphere, hydrosphere, and atmosphere to the apex of "biosphere" and "noosphere," from the Alpha to the Omega point of an irrepressible and irreversible evolutionary *élan*.

No more impressive and worthy *mémorial* could have been presented to us than this slim volume in which more than a score of scientists, philosophers, and theologians have joined hands to pay tribute to the "foundational thinking" (a happy neologism coined by William J. Richardson, S.J., in his probably definitive interpretation of Martin Heidegger) of this son of St. Ignatius who, in world-historic perspective, appears almost as a *Galileo redivivus*. The critical reader of Teilhard's works – all of them published posthumously because he was forbidden by his superiors to continue his teaching and to publish his writings – will discover close parallels between Teilhard's ideas and those of some other "foundational" thinkers of the present age, such as Heidegger, Karl Barth, Werner Heisenberg or the great Russian theologian-philosopher Vladimir Soloviev, the author of (among many other works) the *Lectures on Godmanhood*, *The Justification of the Good*, and *The Story of the Antichrist* who – an early pioneer of Ecumenism – died in 1900 after having secretly turned from Russian Orthodoxy to Roman Catholicism.

Teilhard, who from the outset refused to stay within the ghetto of scientistic specialization, was and remained a wanderer between several worlds, "a pilgrim of the future on the way back from a journey made entirely in the past." Unlike Nietzsche, he was not poisoned by the "deadly gospel" of Darwinism but rather confirmed in his conviction of the eventual convergence of matter and spirit in a sort of eschatological *apokatastasis panton* – an ultimate unity and union in which "pantheism" would stand vindicated by restoring the meaning suggested by etymology: the *En pasi panta Theos*, when God, in the words of St. Paul, will be "All in all," and when, in the words of St. John of the Cross, "the soul will become God by participation."

A decade has passed since Teilhard died on Easter Sunday, 1955 as he had prayerfully wished "When I die, I want to die on the Day of the Resurrection."

In 1951 he had written to the Superior General of the Society of Jesus in Rome: "You will have to be resigned to taking me as I am . . . Since childhood my spiritual life has never ceased being completely dominated by a sort of profound sentiment of the organic reality of the world," by "a sense of general convergence coinciding and culminating at its peak with the One *in quo omnia constant*. . . . In the awareness of this movement and this synthesis of everything in Xristo Jesu I have found an extraordinarily and inexhaustible source of inner light and strength, and an atmosphere outside of which it has become impossible

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for me to breathe, adore, *believe*. That which in my attitude for the past thirty years could be taken for stubbornness or impertinence is merely the result of my being unable to prevent my wonderment from manifesting itself." This attitude "has the direct effect of binding me with increasing inevitability to three convictions which form the very marrow of Christianity: The unique value of man as the spearhead of life; the axial position of Catholicism in the converging cluster of human activities; and lastly, the essential perfecting function assumed by the risen Christ in the center and at the summit of creation.... Rome can have its reasons for considering that, in its actual form, my vision of Christianity is premature or incomplete and that as a consequence it cannot be diffused at present without objections.... In spite of certain appearances I am determined to remain 'an obedient child.' Obviously, I cannot without risk of an inner catastrophe and being unfaithful to my most cherished vocation, cease from my own seeking.... These lines in my way of thinking are ... a simple laying bare of my conscience, and they await no answer from you." But "you can count on me entirely to work for the Kingdom of God which is the only thing I see and that interests me over and beyond the realm of science."

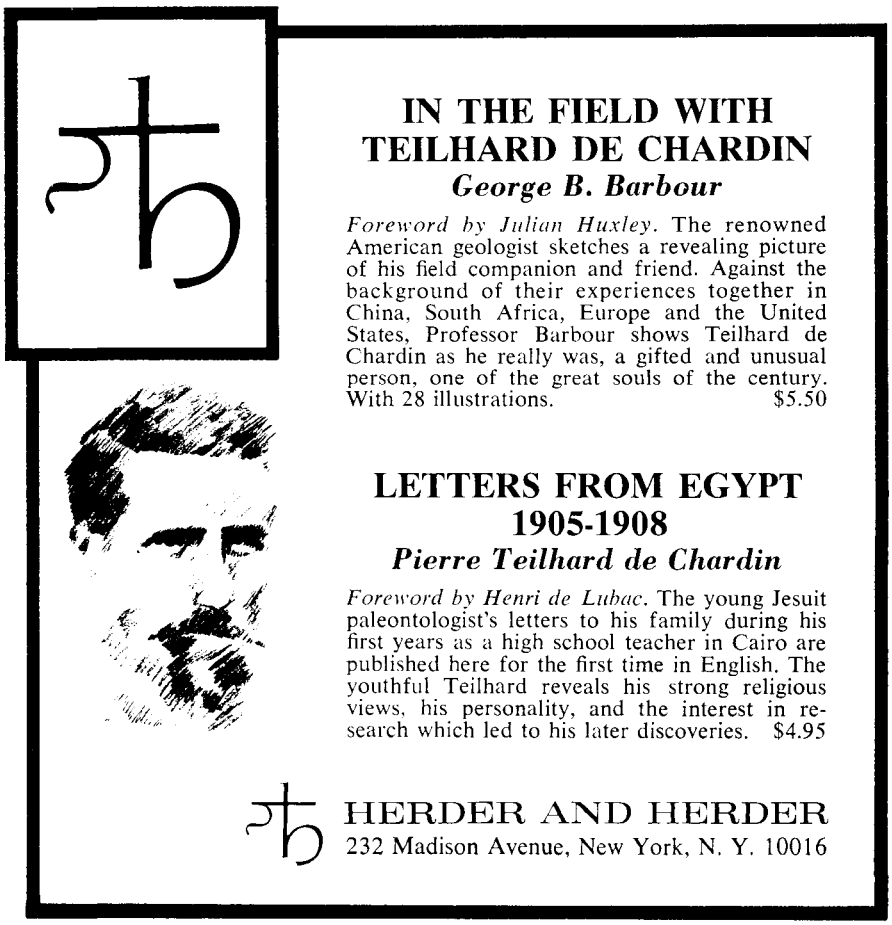
MANY THINGS HAVE HAPPENED since these lines were written, both within and outside the Roman Catholic Church and the Society of Jesus. Many windows and doors have been opened, and much of the dust and mould that have accumulated during centuries of immobility has been blown and scraped away. Yet much remains to be done. The "future of man" remains veiled in darkness and in shadows. However, Teilhard's "vision" is being shared by an increasing number of his kinsmen who are on the way of learning how to "co-exist" on this small planet.

If Teilhard were alive today, would he still have to confess, as he did in his spiritual testament written a month before his death: "How does it happen that ... I find myself practically alone of my kind? The only one who has *seen* ... and incapable, therefore, of citing a single author, a single piece of writing where ... one can recognize the marvelous 'Diaphaneity' which for me has transfigured everything."

It is the great merit of this symposium that, thanks to the dedicated unveiling of the many shadings of Teilhard's life and thought, a kind of totality of profile begins to emerge. This cooperative creative thinking of kindred minds has thus resulted in what amounts to a "phenomenological hermeneutic" of "the phenomenon of Teilhard de Chardin."

Part of this symposium was originally published as a section of *The Wind and Rain* Easter book for 1962 (London: Secker & Warburg), which is out of print. But most of the essays appear here in revised form, and new ones have been added. The radio script of "The Vision of Teilhard de Chardin" by Neville Braybrooke (in dialogue form) was broadcast in the *Way of Life* series of the BBC in March, 1964. The profound comparative psychological study on *Saint Augustine and Teilhard* by Dr. Karl Stern appeared first in the book titled *The World of Teilhard de Chardin*, edited by Robert Francoeur (Helicon Press).

We learn in a footnote of Neville Braybrooke's Introduction that while, according to the original plan, this symposium was to be published jointly in England and the United States, the American edition had to be postponed because of the *Monitum* issued in June, 1962 by the Holy Office in Rome. It is reassuring to be informed that this Monitum did not carry the signature of John XXIII and that Paul VI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has shown great interest in Teilhard's work.

The symposium opens with two of Teilhard's shorter essays, one recording the vision of Christ which Teilhard had when he was a stretcher-bearer in the trenches during the First World War, the second dealing with *The Meaning and Constructive Value of Suffering*. The first essay vividly conveys Teilhard's visualisation of "Christ in Matter" or what might be called the "Christification of the material universe"; the second essay is especially relevant for an understanding of Teilhard's charismatic gift of an anticipatory intuition of the eventual total consecration and transfiguration of the human and cosmic universe by virtue of what Baron Friedrich von Hügel called "the principle of Incarnation."

Many Christians have wrestled in the course of the centuries with the *mysterium iniquitatis*, with the problem of how to reconcile the immensity of evil and suffering in the world with the Infinite Goodness of an omniscient and omnipotent Divine Being. And many have agonizingly felt tempted to echo the silent despair and open rebellion of Ivan Karamasov who, in view of the suffering of the innocent, especially the suffering of innocent children, wants "to return his ticket of admission" to what Gabriel Marcel refers to as "this broken world."

DOES TEILHARD have the answer that silences such gnawing doubt? The sweeping dynamism of his total affirmation might appear to some as a rationalization. That this is not the case is attested by our knowledge that his response was "existential" rather than merely intellectual or conceptual. It was a lived experience: "The world . . . is an immense groping, an immense search, an immense attack; it can only progress at the cost of many failures, many casualties. The sufferers . . . are those who pay the price of universal progress and triumph. They are the ones who have fallen

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on the field of honor" (p. 25). And peaking of the "mystical body," he ays: "What member can we con-eive to be more specially charged vith sublimating and spiritualizing he labor of progress and conquest? The contemplatives and those who ray, no doubt. But also . . . the sick nd the suffering." They are "pre-lestined and elected for the task of levating the world above and be-ond of immediate enjoyment to-vard an ever more lofty light. . . . Those who bear in their enfeebled odies the weight of the moving vorld . . . find themselves . . . the nost active factors in that very progress which seems to sacrifice nd shatter them. . . . The sick man . . has a very special task to fulfill, n which no one else can take his lace – namely, to cooperate in the ransformation (it might be called onversion) of human suffering. . . . n suffering is concealed . . . the vorld's power of ascension" (p. 26). This kind of theodicy can hardly be ound in the text books of our sem-narians, but who would dare cast he shadow of doubt upon its or-hodoxy, especially when we realize hat the alternative to total affirma-ion may – and probably will be – he despair of total negation!

The remainder of the book con-ists of biographical sketches drawn y some of Teilhard's close collab-orators and friends, such as George Barbour, the late Jesuit Father C. C. Martindale, and Bernard Towers, vho contributes a well documented nd rewarding comparative study of Carl Gustav Jung and Teilhard. Claude Cuénot, Teilhard's French biographer, writes movingly (in French and English) on the lumi-nosity of Teilhard's *Enfance pré-destinée*, and Dorothy Poulain re-ports on the first Teilhard Collo-quium that was held (privately and n secrecy) in Normandy in 1958. Space does not permit to list all of the contributions, none of them trivial or insignificant but all of them justifying the reader to repeat reverently what Unamuno said of Kierkegaard: "*Qué hombre*"!

The Polish Question

SHAKESPEARE OUR CONTEMPORARY by Jan Kott. Translated by Bolesław Taborski. Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Company. 241 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT TRACY, *University of California professor and the editor of* THE ARAN ISLANDS *by John Millington Synge.*

IT ONCE HAPPENED – according to a venerable joke I recall from high school – that a Frenchman, an Englishman, an American, and a Pole were confronted with an elephant, and then they were asked to write essays on the beast. The Frenchman responded with *L'Éléphant et L'Amour*. The Englishman wrote "The Elephant in the British Commonwealth." The American contributed a short, direct handbook, "How to Make Money with Your Elephant." The Pole produced "The Elephant and the Polish Question."

In *Shakespeare Our Contemporary*, Professor Jan Kott, of the University of Warsaw, has produced "Shakespeare and the Polish Question."

His book has been hailed by several of the more fashionable critics as the long-sought key to Shakespeare. Already it has had an impact on the theatre, for Peter Brook acknowledges his reliance on Kott's theories in his recent Royal Shakespeare Company production of *King Lear*. Yet, *Shakespeare Our Contemporary* is not really an attempt to understand Shakespeare – indeed, it is not a work of literary criticism at all. It is, instead, a protracted reaction to certain of Shakespeare's plays by a man who has lived through the German and Russian occupations of Poland, and who has seen the irrelevance of Western Europe's traditional humanistic values under such conditions. He has despaired of finding any logical explanation of why such things happen, but considers that an explanation can be discerned in the works of Sartre, Ionesco, Beckett and the other playwrights of the absurd, who expose the meaninglessness of the human condition. Kott is convinced that Shakespeare shares this postwar philosophy.

The great Elizabethan is our contemporary because he realized the absurdity of the world and confronted it with an attitude of bleakly ironic despair, as Kott sees it. Shakespeare's dramas are all dramas of politics, and in them we find an accurate picture of twentieth century political life, especially as lived in Eastern Europe – a meaningless series of tyrannies, betrayals, conspiracies, and apparent liberations from tyranny that lead only to further tyranny. Hamlet plans a *coup d'état* to match that perpetrated by Claudius, and the result of all his scheming is the accession of Fortinbras, one more king like all the others. Prospero, his dukedom usurped, usurps Caliban's island, and finally returns to a world of anarchy which he can only distrust. Richards and Henrys and Edwards depose one another to create English history as Shakespeare saw it, a long sequence of frantic but meaningless activity.

Hitler, parenthetically, follows Pilsudski, who was both liberator and dictator; Hitler is followed by Stalin, and Stalin by Khrushchev. The names and faces change slightly, but the events are always the same. "Emanating from the features of individual kings and usurpers in Shakespeare's History plays, there gradually emerges the image of history itself. The image of the Grand Mechanism. Every successive chapter, every great Shakespearean act is merely a repetition . . . history has no meaning and stands still, or constantly repeats its cruel cycle; it is an elemental force, like hail, storm, or hurricane, birth and death."

This conviction of history's ab-

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surdity, and the implicit conviction that all human efforts and actions are totally without meaning, forms the theoretical basis for the new dramaturgy of the absurd, which rejects the patterned, the didactic, or the logical and looks for models in the zany and irrelevant *commedia dell'arte*, English music-hall turns, and the wild and frenzied chase sequences in old Marx brothers' films. The resulting plays are fascinating explorations of the meaningless. They are valid commentaries on the disorder of our times. But they differ radically from the plays of Shakespeare in their style, in their content, and in their assumptions. It is this basic fact that Kott has failed to see. In his eagerness to make Shakespeare our contemporary he ignores the theatrical and philosophical traditions which determine the themes and structures of the plays. And in making the playwright a disenchanted citizen of Eastern Europe, he refuses to recognize that belief in the possibility of human and national improvement which is central to most of Shakespeare's plays.

LET US EXAMINE some of the interpretations which Kott arrives at during his fervent search for contemporary and local relevance in Shakespeare. Despite all that critics since Poel and Granville-Barker have learned about the unified structure of a Shakespearean play, the speed with which such a play can be performed on a bare stage, and the distortion that can result from even the briefest cuts, Kott insists that the director's first task is to "select, curtail and cut." The result will be "a poorer *Hamlet* than Shakespeare's *Hamlet;* but it may also be a *Hamlet* enriched by being of our time. It may, but I would rather say – it must be so." *Hamlet*, then, must be ransacked for contemporary relevance, a relevance that Kott finds for us by insisting that the play deals with a plot to dethrone Claudius. Hamlet is a rebel with "something of the charm of James Dean . . . deeply involved in politics," active rather than reflective, "The Polish Hamlet after the XXth Party Congress." His madness is feigned to aid him in seizing power. The theory is as old as Saxo Grammaticus. It has even been entertained in Eastern Europe before, notably in Akimov's disastrous Moscow production of 1932, where the Ghost, impersonated by Horatio, was a device to win the palace guard over to Hamlet's side in a forthcoming revolution, and "To be, or not to be" was Hamlet's meditation about taking over the throne, delivered while he tried on the Danish crown. The Polish critic Chwalewik has promulgated the same theory since World War II. But it is a hopeless misreading of the play.

Antony and Cleopatra can more legitimately be considered a play about politics, but even here Kott's search for a contemporary relevance prevents him from seeing the play as it really is. He insists that the theme of *Antony and Cleopatra* is that "dignity and love cannot be reconciled with the struggle for power which forms the matter of history." But this is an evasion of Shakespeare's theme in the play, the exploration of an infatuation which eventually excludes politics and everything else. Kott seems unable to imagine a Shakespearean hero who is not perpetually engaged in a political struggle – not even Antony in Cleopatra's arms. Nor are the politics and actions of *Antony and Cleopatra* absurd in the sense that the actions of *The Bald Soprano* or *Endgame* are absurd. Shakespeare's play ends bleakly enough, with the triumph of Octavius Caesar. But Octavius' rule will be different. There is progress, and the long civil wars are over. The new regime is less spontaneous, less generous, less chivalrous, less glamorous, but it *is* different. Change has occurred.

In the two comedies which he discusses, Kott is less certain of the political content and less certain of their relevance to contemporary affairs. He makes out an interesting case for *The Tempest*, though ther is little justification for readin Prospero's great speech beginnin "Our revels now are ended" as "a atomic soliloquy," or for taking th imagined dissolution of "the grea globe itself" in "a concrete and lit eral sense." This reading seems a irrelevant as the gratuitous compari son of Ariel's forty minute fligh around the earth with the forty seven minutes which Sputnik I re quired to perform the same journey In *A Midsummer Night's Drea* even Kott is willing to eschew pol tics at last, but the price is a vagu evocation of a fête at the Londo home of the Earl of Southamptor where there is heavy drinking an careless sex, and a reading of th play as black and bestial. "The slen der, tender, and lyrical Titania long for animal love," for the superio sexual potency of an ass, and Kot produces from his own experience truly offensive simile for her guilt infatuation: "I visualize Titania as very tall, flat, and fair girl, with lon arms and legs, resembling the Whit Scandinavian girls I used to see o the *rue de la Harpe* or *rue de l Huchette*, walking and clingin tightly to Negroes with faces gre or so black that they were almos indistinguishable from the night."

MANY YEARS AGO G. B. Harriso remarked that in readin Shakespeare "we are always meetin our own experiences and are con stantly surprised by some phras which expresses what we thought t be our own secret or our own dis covery." It is a commonplace to war students against too ready substi tution of their own experiences an secrets for those of Shakespeare The history of Shakespeare criti cism is full of such narcissism, an Kott's book makes one more iten in the long list of men who hav looked into Shakespeare and foun only themselves. Such misreading can be fruitful and important – th Hamlet of the nineteenth century Romantics does not exist in Shake speare's play, but he is a personage

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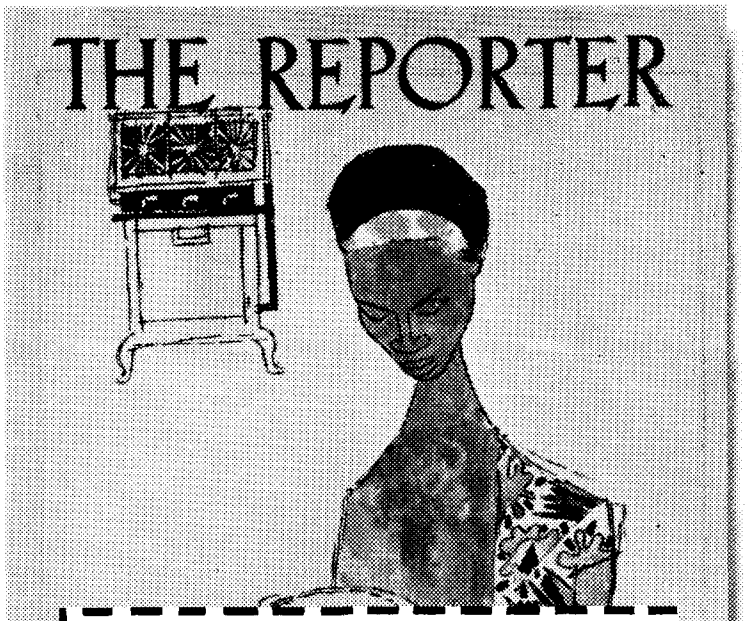

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Zones of Prejudice

PUBLIC REGULATION OF THE RELIGIOUS USE OF LAND by James E. Curry. Charlottesville, Va. 429 pp. $12.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY LICHTENSTEIN, *who resides in Bethesda, Maryland*

OTHERS HAVE COMPARED the law to an ass and the church to a hippopotamus, but James E. Curry has managed to write a book which dignifies both while worshipping neither.

Public Regulation of the Religious Use of Land is a legal treatise about the "place"—as determined by zoning authorities and the courts—of the church in the neighborhood. Municipal officials have been putting the church in its place for decades, but with an unsure hand, as Curry's detailed analysis of some 100 court cases shows. Sometimes the place is one of privilege, at other times there *is* no place.

Things could be worse. If local officeholders were more certain about where the church belonged, religious liberty might be curtailed.

This lawyer-author believes that a man's home is his castle, that all men are created equal, and that the automobile is here to stay. But with the proliferation of people, homes churches and automobiles, can collisions be avoided?

"The one factor that more than any other has reconciled reluctant courts to the necessity for regulating the religious use of land is the increase in automobile traffic," Curry observes. "It is reinforced by tremendous population changes and by the building boom. . . ."

As Curry sees it, the size and scope of the problem are directly proportional to the size and scope of the church (or synagogue) and its activities. He speaks of "maximum" and "minimum" types of churches. "The maximum type includes community centers, parish halls, schools recreation facilities, residences for the clergy, faculty, etc. But the term church can also include a minimum

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ype which is described by St. Mat-hew as 'any two or three gathered ogether in My name.' "

The author, believing that the minimum" type creates no prob-em of congestion, sympathizes with little prayer-meeting group which vas enjoined by Chico, California, uthorities from meeting in a private ome without a permit. Of the 1951 ppeals court decision which upheld he injunction against the group, he emarks that it seems "very ques-ionable whether even a permit may e required for a mere prayer meet-ng in a person's home which does ot have any adverse effects on the eighborhood."

Warmth and conviction permeate *'ublic Regulation of the Religious Ise of Land*, born of 30 years' legal xperience and an abiding interest n church-state relations. Only the ork's title is pedestrian.

Curry does not flinch from the angers of advocacy, arguing co-ently for his own philosophy of w and of church-state relations. He especially delights in combat-ng the absolutists who have given he whole subject of church zoning rather a fairyland quality."

Occupying opposite poles – and qually wrong, according to Curry are the "absolute anti-exclusion-ts" and the "absolute pro-exclu-onists." The anti-exclusionists say hat absolutely no church can be ex-luded from any residential zone; he pro-exclusionists say that abso-utely all churches may be excluded. nti-exclusionism has gotten a bet-er legal "press," aided by distortion f court decisions and sloppy re-orting.

THE BENCH, itself, has been less than admirably firm and fair n deciding complicated cases, and Curry holds up a mirror reflecting uch warts and blemishes as these: A 4-3 California Supreme Court Piedmont Catholic school case) ecision which shifts ground from qual-protection to due-process and eligious-liberty considerations, all he while proclaiming that "only one

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question" is involved. Curry surmises that the court's 4-judge majority assigned two incompatible opinions to a secretary, "gave her scissors and a pot of paste and told her to put them together without omitting anything," and signed the result "while blindfolded."

A Texas (Dallas Protestant evangelical center) case in which the court outlawed Jack Coe's use of a building for "faith healing" activities on various technical grounds, including the fact that only one-fifth of the building was devoted to the auditorium or "church proper," while four-fifths consisted of healing and prayer rooms. "Does the Texas court," asks Curry, "intend to supervise the distribution of church space by religious denominations?"

A New York (Sands Point Jewish synagogue case) ruling which went beyond condemning undue interference with religious worship and also condemned laws interfering "in any manner" with religious practices, and laws which "would appear" in any manner to interfere with them. Curry comments: "Thus, presumably, a traffic law which forbids a pastor to exceed speed limits in order to get to his church on time would be void as 'appearing in some manner' to interfere with a religious practice."

The author believes that a balanced appraisal of the actual precedents and a Holmesian approach to the facts of each case offer solutions to most of the problems.

Using this approach, Curry concedes that total exclusion of a church from an entire municipality would substantially curtail freedom of worship and freedom of assembly, but questions whether courts are correct in relying on artificial municipal boundaries as an index to a church's accessibility to its members.

Official discrimination allows churches to do what other organizations may not do. This is classically illustrated by the case of the National Grange lodge which bought the old Beadling Presbyterian Church (Mt. Lebanon, Pa.) but found that it could not do what the previous owner had done – hold meetings in the building. The zoning ordinance, upheld by the court, insisted that only church-connected groups could have access to this place of public assembly. Curry suggests that religious organizations and groups like the Grange should make common cause.

Paradoxically, there is one form of discrimination which Curry upholds, and – what is even worse! – he may be right.

Curry's chapter on "Discrimination Between Schools" is fascinating for its even-handed discussion of all the ramifications of a complex issue. Generally, he agrees with the Wisconsin Supreme Court's decision in the Wauwatosa Lutheran high school case – a decision which the U.S. Supreme Court declined to review. The Lutheran school was prohibited under an ordinance allowing only public schools, and the court upheld the exclusion even while conceding that many of the detriments likely to flow from a private school would also flow from a public school. Mentioned were congestion, noise, night lights, loss of tax revenue and lowering of real estate values. The court said:

"THE SUBJECT of public education and the establishment and operation of public schools is a governmental function of the state. . . . In the performance of other governmental functions, we do not restrict the behavior of persons or the use of property to the same extent that we do when only private interests are pursued. . . ."

Curry does not, however, go along along with the further contention – advanced in the Wauwatosa case and an article in the *Nebraska Law Review* and some other legal journals – that church schools have inferior rights in zoning matters because they teach religion and therefore discriminate. To Curry, "the distinction should be between public and private rather than between discriminatory (religious) schools and nondiscriminatory (nonreligious) schools."

Curry is convinced that at the grass-roots level much of the heat in church zoning hearings is generated by plain, old-fashioned prejudice suitably camouflaged. The prejudice, he says, is "comparable to a sore that will not heal until lanced by the knife of judicial publicity and subjected to the antibiotic of full discussion."

Exploring uncharted and booby-trapped terrain as well as more familiar – if imperfectly understood – territory, *Public Regulation of the Religious Use of Land* injects courage, precision and humor into the discussion of a thousand and one aspects of church zoning, an intricate, prickly, sublime and ridiculous subject. Everyone, it seems, wants churches, "but not in his own neighborhood." James E. Curry wants them, genuinely, and he has written this book to point out the way to have them on a basis of rational city development. As one village president said, everyone should "refrain from quoting the Bible" and stick to the issue of "whether there is a logical plan or not."

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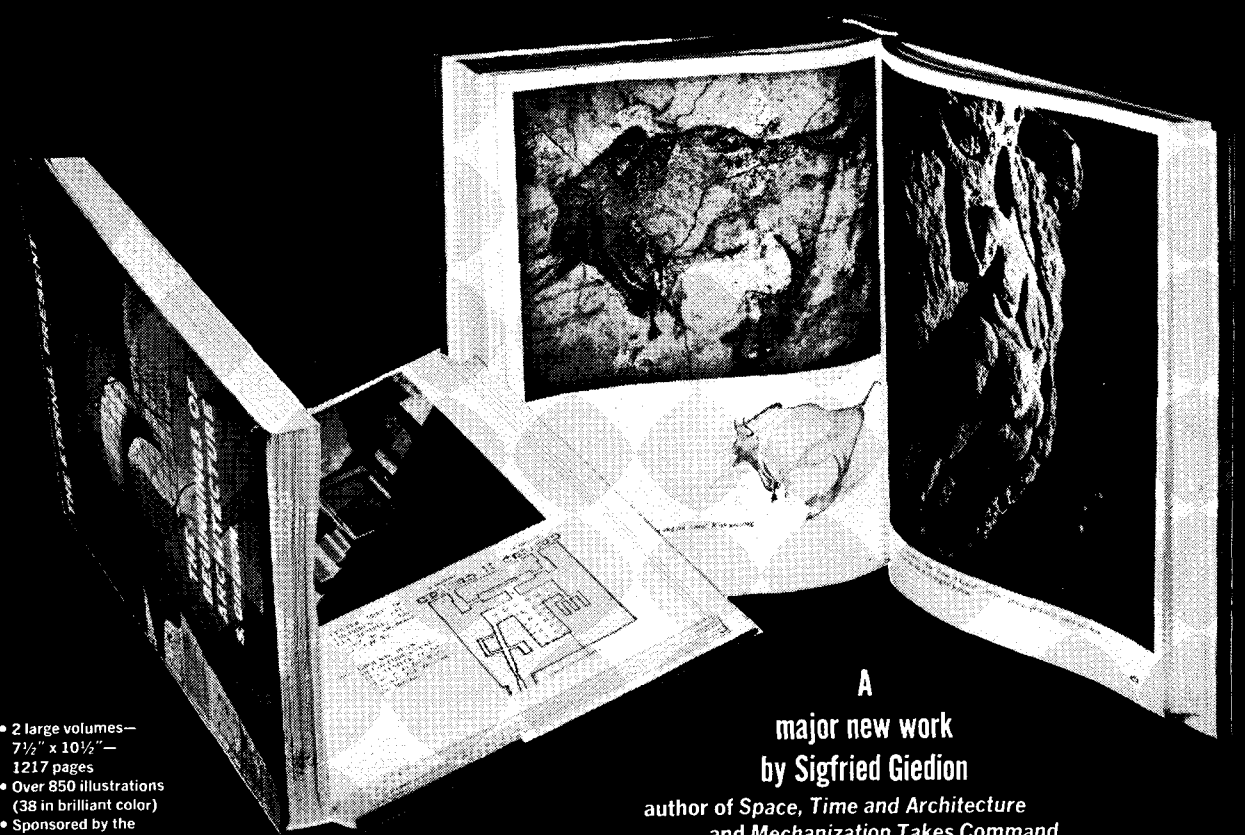

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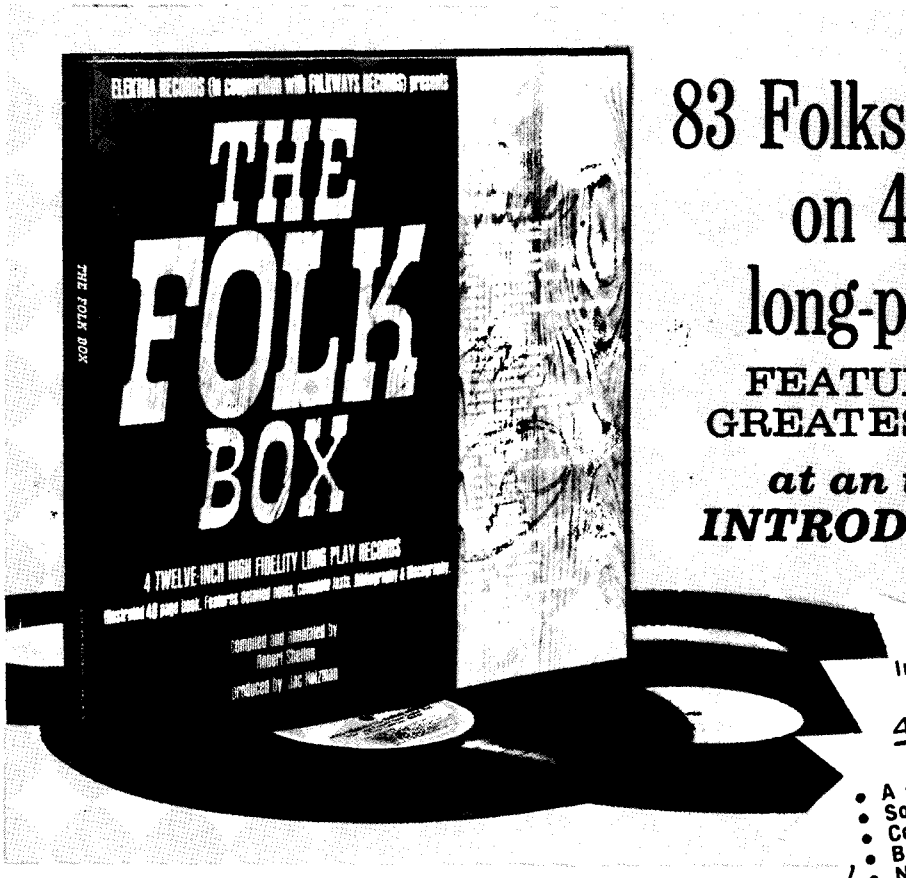
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